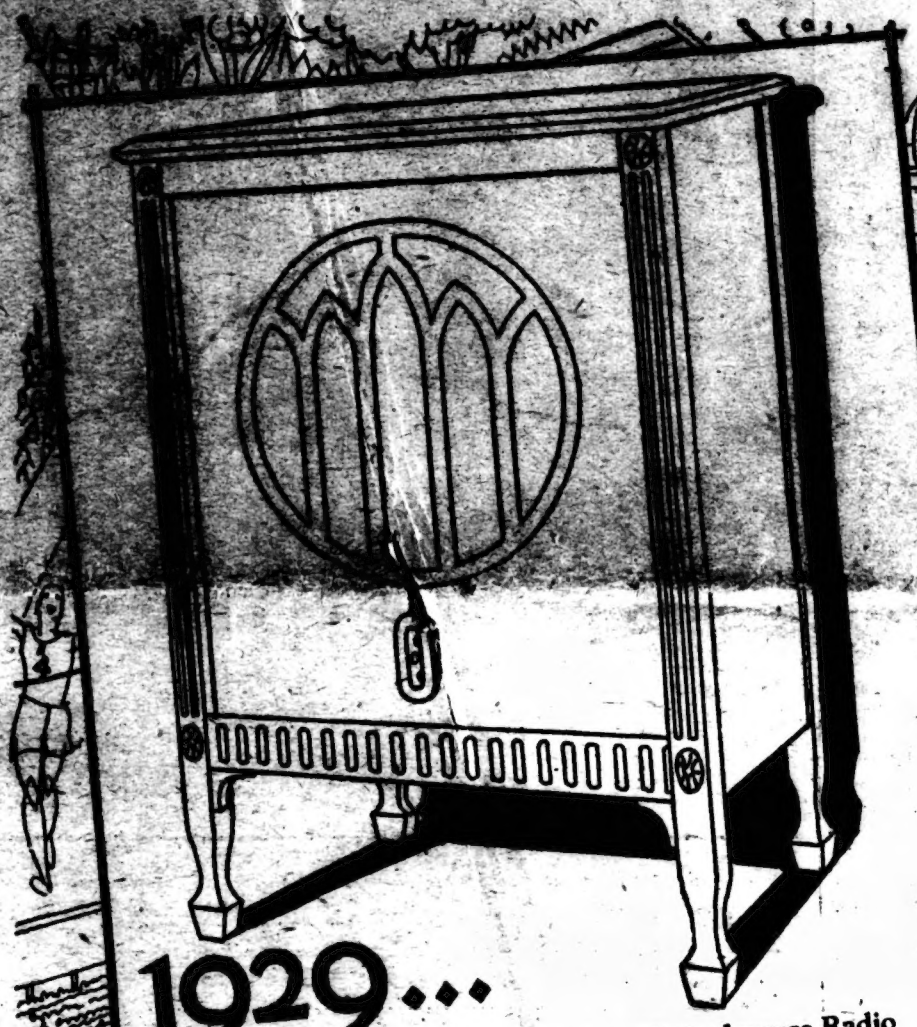
John Bull, January 5, 1929 Vol. XLV. No. 1177.

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE



1929...

Let the New Year bring you the fullest pleasure Radio can provide. Hear Broadcast at its best on the new Amplion Speaker, which embodies the very latest discovery in the science of sound-reproduction. The extreme sensitivity of the mechanism enables the most brilliant reception to be obtained from even small sets. There is a wide variety of Amplion models—attractively designed and most conveniently priced. Everyone can own an Amplion. The new Amplion Speaker in cabinets of Oak or Mahogany £9:10:0 to £42. Chassis only, £6 and £8.

STANDARD AND JUNIOR RANGE

"Swan-Neck" ... AR.9 £1 15 0
"Dragon" Metal Flare AR. 19 ... ... £3 7 6
"Dragon" Oak Flare AR.19.O £4 4 0
"Dragon" Mahogany Flare ... AR. 19 M £4 10 0

Junior "Hanging-Type" Cone ... AC.2 £1 17 6
Standard "Open Cone" (Easel Type) AC.21 £2 12 6
Junior Cabinet (Oak) AC.4 £3 0 0
Junior Cabinet (Mahogany) ... AC.4.M £3 3 0
Standard Cabinet (Dark Oak) ... AC.25 £4 10 0
Standard Cabinet (Jacobean) ... AC.2. £4 15 0
Standard Cabinet (Chippendale) ... AC.29 £5 0 0

AMPLION

Catalogues from all Radio Dealers or from GRAHAM AMPLION LTD., 25-26, Savile Row, W.1. Works: SLOUGH

MANCHESTER: 10, Whitworth St., West
GLASGOW: 6/8, West George St.

Hurry Up!

Free "Gillette" Razor Set
Gold plated Model, complete with blade, in velvet lined case.

ONLY 10 DAYS MORE

One Shilling Gift Voucher
1/-
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler Pen. Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen. Available only until January 15, 1929.
(Cut out and attach to Coupon below)

JOHN BULL'S GRAND DISTRIBUTION OF GIFT PACKAGES

ONLY ten more days and then your opportunity to share in the most popular and liberal Gift Offer ever made by "John Bull" to its readers will have vanished. Cut out your Free Shilling Gift Coupon, attach to coupon below and post your application to-day. Don't be too late!

Free 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil
—four pencils in one, pocket clip, extra leads and rubber, OR, a dainty Lady's One-Colour Pencil.

What "John Bull" offers you—
FREE!

[1] **A 4-Colour "Ever-pointed" Pencil.**
Mechanically perfect, superbly finished, writes in blue, black, green or red, OR, a dainty Lady's one-colour Pencil in soft pastel shades.

[2] **2/- Gift Voucher.**
Accepted as One Shilling cash in part payment of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, fitted with solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. Guaranteed for two years.

[3] **7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set.**
"Mayfair" de luxe, containing a gold-plated "Gillette" Razor in magnificent case of antique finish, handsomely decorated and sumptuously lined in velvet.

Cut out the Free Shilling Voucher above and attach to Coupon below. Only ten more days—offer expires on January 15, 1929.

Golden Gift Set
containing the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen and Four-Colour Pencil (or lady's pencil if you prefer) in dazzling golden box.

Written two years' guarantee with each "John Bull" Pen.

"JOHN BULL" GIFT COUPON.

To: "JOHN BULL," Pen Dept. Room H, 17, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your Gift Package consisting of the famous 5/- "John Bull" Pen, the FREE Four-Colour "Ever-Pointed" Pencil OR the Lady's Pencil (cross out the pencil not desired), and the FREE 7/6 "Gillette" Presentation Razor Set. I enclose Gift Voucher, which please accept as One Shilling in part payment of the Pen, and also Postal Order for 4/- plus 1/- to cover pocket clip, extra box of refills for "Ever-pointed" Pencil, postage, packing and insurance—making 5/- in all.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Fine, medium or broad nib. (Cross out grades not required.)
Your name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Write in capitals name or initials desired .....
Cross cheque/p.o. [& Co.] and make payable to "John Bull."

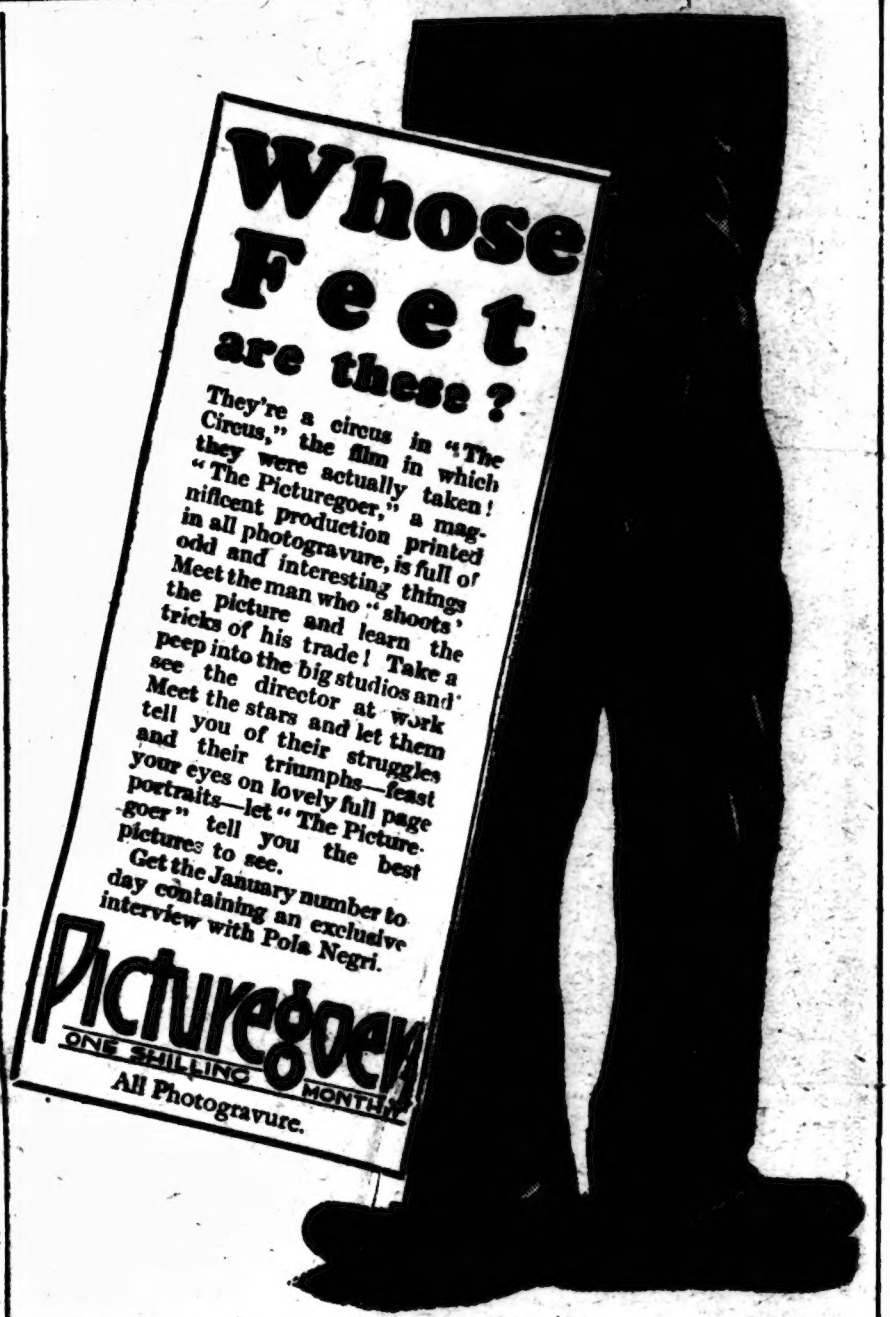
"J.B." 5.1.29.

Whose Feet are these?

They're a circus in "The Circus," the film in which they were actually taken! "The Picturegoer," a magnificent production printed in all photogravure, is full of odd and interesting things. Meet the man who "shoots" the picture and learn the tricks of his trade! Take a peep into the big studios and see the director at work. Meet the stars and let them tell you of their struggles and their triumphs—feast your eyes on lovely full page portraits—let "The Picturegoer" tell you the best pictures to see.

Get the January number to-day containing an exclusive interview with Pola Negri.

Picturegoer
ONE SHILLING MONTHLY
All Photogravure.



JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

Use the Registration Forms below. *See pages 4 and 5*

CUT HERE
HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

J.B., 5.1.29.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

CUT HERE
POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name ..... Age .....
in full. (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Reader's Signature .....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

J.B., 5.1.29.

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS WORTH WATCHING

PREPAID RATE: 9s. PER LINE AVERAGING SIX WORDS, MINIMUM CHARGE, 27s.

Advertisements must be received not later than Thursday for the following Wednesday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY. Sell Table lotns, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Schruno's Warehouse, 2, Thomas Street, Manchester.

ADD TO YOUR INCOME BY selling Drapery and Remnants, best qualities, cheapest prices (no rubbish). List free.—Remnant Dept. B., Turner Street, Manchester (the old firm).

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for Drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. M., Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-Clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst friends. No Outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £3-£14 weekly. Splendid line for Casuals. Exceptional. Salesmen. Write Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.15.

£5 FREE. FINE CHANCE FOR AGENTS. Appointments open for Agents to run Footwear and Clothing Clubs. Earn more money. Present employment not interfered with. Start at once. Write for details to-day.—MAXIMUM CLUB, MAXIMUM WORKS, SOUTHAMPTON.

EMPLOYMENT.

READERS WITH AMBITION should not fail to read the Wallace Attwood College advt. on page 39, and the Clough's Correspondence College advt. on page 32.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL, or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 198, 5, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found if non qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free.—City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

100 BOYS 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong lads of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call 0/S, Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Wayne (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6 Memos, Business Cards, etc, stamp free.—Cretcway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1lb. Gifts, etc. Grey Yarn 3/3 lb. Navy 3/10 lb., post free. Patts. of serges, tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnett's, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Hochdale Road, Manchester.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 1¾ oz., Rug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 300 Samples Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

PEACH'S ANNUAL SALE. Curtains, Nets, Casements, Cretonnes, Muslins, Quilts, Blankets, Linens. Write for Bargain Sale Catalogue.—PEACH & SONS, LTD., 141, The Looms, NOTTINGHAM.

SHIRT & Collar 2/6. Chemise embroidered, 1/1. Send 2½d. for bargain catalogue.—Santa Klaus, 45, Rue Turenne, Paris.

RUBBER STAMPS AND DATERS. Quickest delivery, lowest prices. Lists free.—WAUNSTON TRADING CO., MORRISTON, SWANSEA.

JOHN BLANFORD'S offer of Melton Overcoats on easy terms will be found on page 33.

MESSRS. AMBROSE WILSON offer a delightful Frock at the very attractive price of 16/11 on page 26 of this issue. This can be obtained at once on approval for a deposit of 2/-, the balance by weekly instalments. The coupon in the advt., together with remittance, need only be placed in an envelope to ensure immediate attention. Be sure to mention *John Bull*.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, £4/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordions, cheapest, 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 130, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 5/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 146, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

MILES ahead!

Thousands of proud owners are enthusiastic in their praise for Fullotone—they all candidly admit that the volume, purity of tone, and constructional beauty is "miles ahead" of any other instruments no matter what the price. To see a Fullotone is to want it—to hear a Fullotone is to buy it. Every genuine Fullotone is all-British, guaranteed for one year with free service and is sold direct from factory which cuts out all middlemen and saves 50 per cent. of the retail price.

5-14-6 CARR. PAID U.K.

or 20/- and 9/9 per month for 11 months

Artistic Jacobean Cabinet in SELECTED OAK 35 in. high, complete with powerful Collaro Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox and the wonderful new all-metal Sound Chamber. British throughout.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOGUE

or call and inspect at any of our 7 branches.

FULLOTONE GRAMOPHONES LTD.
(Dept. J.B.73).

73, CAMDEN ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

Also Branches at

41, George Street, Croydon.
149, High Street, E. Ham.
561, High Road, Tottenham.
12, Paradise Street, Liverpool.
85, Oxford Road, Manchester.
312, Argyle Street, Glasgow.

HERE'S PROOF

Stamford Hill, N.16.
13th November, 1928.

Dear Sirs,—"I enclose cheque—for No. 25 gramophone, and should like to add a note of appreciation. This machine, and the No. 9 solid mahogany cabinet to my relation last month, have a first-class cabinet finish, a splendid range and volume of perfect reproduction, and there is nothing to touch them for quality and price. Thanking you for your attention, and wishing you the success your gramophone deserves."

(Signed) H. F. S.

20 MODELS from 30/6 to £13 10 0.

FULLOTONE REG?

The Gramophone of Amazing Value!

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon specially blended, 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6. Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA.—Direct from Blenders to Household. At wholesale prices, 1/6, 1/8, 2/- per lb., carr. pd. on 4 lb. Special quotations for Large quantities. Satisfaction g'nt'd.—Portway Tea Co., 73, Portway, West Ham.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 86-piece Layette, 29/6 Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Barras, Towels, Napkins. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for pcl.; approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85 home-made pieces. Everything from Chris. Robe to napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Rd., Portsmouth.

GRAMOPHONES.—Build own £40 model for 40/-. Instructions 3d. Lists of Gramophones and Parts free.—J. B. G., 386, York Road, London, S.W.18.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 160 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Eldyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

LIFE'S GREAT HANDICAP—ILL-HEALTH. Try ENERGOT. YOU LOSE STOMACH Trouble, Worry, Nerves, Constipation, Rheumatism, Insomnia. GAIN a perfect brain in a perfect body. Money back if they fail. Month's course, 1/6.—Energot, 12, Bessborough Gardens, S.W.1.

DON'T Wear a Truss! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (468D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

"I SUFFERED 25 years (Bladder Weakness and Kidney Trouble)—am now cured," says taker of PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY. 3/- at Boots', Taylors, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d.—Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria House, Victoria Rd., London, S.E.15.

INFLUENZA.—Vapo Cresolene promptly relieves all breathing troubles and chest complaints.—Write for Free Booklet No. 44 to Allen and Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.3.

START THE NEW YEAR IN GOOD HEALTH. An interesting advt. appears on page 16. Readers suffering from Catarrh will find a very wonderful prescription which is offered on the condition that if no relief is obtained your outlay will be refunded in full. This, of course, applies only to new customers. Mr. Shadforth's other prescriptions for Backache and Indigestion are worthy of readers' support.

A WONDERFUL FREE BOOK is offered to readers of *John Bull* by the proprietors of "Nonn" for Nerves, whose advt. appears on page 25. The Booklet is entitled, "New Light on your Mysterious Nerves." It contains important information and advice on the whole question of nerves, and how all troubles arising from this terrible complaint are remedied by this product. The Booklet tells you how and why. Simply send to the address given in the advt.—a postcard will do—and to ensure immediate despatch, mention *John Bull*.

FREE SAMPLES of Cuticura preparations are offered in the Cuticura advt. on page 27. Send for them now. The address is given in the advt.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash pe. return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. paymts. Inquire, stating size. London Car Co., 52, Theobald's Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A FREE BOTTLE of Oriental Perfume is offered in the "Eram-Khayyam" advt. on page 27. Read the conditions that will qualify readers for this handsome gift, and then send the coupon that appears in the advt. Be sure to mention *John Bull* when replying.

★ **Build a Business by Mail**

and let *John Bull's* Mail Order Expert help you to make it a success. Problems relating to every phase of mail order selling are answered without obligation. There is no charge; no question is too much trouble. Send brief summary of your proposition or state class of trade and lines available to Ideas & Sales Development Dept. (Room B.), *John Bull*, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FIRE UP TO £400
SPORTS ACCIDENTS UP TO £250
GAS EXPLOSIONS UP TO £100
STORM & FLOOD UP TO £300
A 25/- GIFT for EVERY 'JOHN BULL' READER
JOHN BULL'S GREAT FREE

"JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Insurance Gift will continue on its triumphant way during 1929. All the wonderful benefits remain in force—there will be no revision or reduction in the scheme whatsoever. The benefits offered would cost you at least 25/- per annum if taken out through an insurance company.

What JOHN BULL Gives

To the Registered Reader of "John Bull" or, in the event of death, the registered reader's husband or wife or dependent children, if any:—

One registration covers both husband and wife.

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at the registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS IN THE HOME AND GARDEN.

(i.e., at reader's registered address and/or garden attached thereto).

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

£2 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or an outbreak of fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebrospinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 per week up to 4 weeks for total disablement, providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating the boat be not a passenger steamer.

WIRELESS BENEFITS.

£10—for damage by lightning to registered reader's Wireless Apparatus, including Aerials and Supports, licensed to and owned by him, at his or her private address, as registered.

BRITISH MUSEUM 6 FEB 29

esent registered readers are fully alified for the 1929 benefits. ey should not re-register unless ey have changed their address newsagent. If you are not ready a registered reader of "John ull" fill in the Registration Forms which appear on page 2 of cover) *o-day.*

CONDITIONS.

(A) This scheme applies only to rsons over ten and under seventy ars of age residing in and property uated in Great Britain, Ireland, e Channel Islands or the Isle of n, but excepting Ireland so far benefits under the riot clause, ovided that any Registered Reader er 70 years of age shall be entitled all the benefits of this gift except ose in respect of death, disablement sickness.

(B) A "Registered Reader" shall an any person registered with JOHN LL as having personally signed d forwarded to JOHN BULL Registion Department the prescribed istration form, and given a signed der to a Newsagent for the regular d uninterrupted weekly delivery of HN BULL, which has been conuously received and paid for.

(C) Applications for benefit in respect any one accident or event, which st be confined to one of the benefits, st be forwarded in writing as to dent benefits within seven days, and household benefits within y-eight hours and sickness benefits thin fourteen days of the illness nitesting itself—Medical certifi- es and/or other evidence in support the application must be furnished the Registered Reader at his own pense.

(D) As to the injury benefits, this eme applies only to bodily injury tly and immediately caused by ans external or visible means ch is the sole cause of death, or disablement as defined, and no sum will be given in respect of any injury, fatal or otherwise, happening while the Reader is in a fit or arising from or traceable to intentional self-injury, suicide, insanity, or intemperance, or whilst in an unconscious state. A fractured limb shall mean a fracture of the arm or leg above the wrist or ankle.

(E) Loss of limb means the loss by physical separation of a hand or foot above the wrist or ankle.

(F) Death or loss of limb or sight must result within fourteen days after the accident, and as a direct and sole result of the injury. In the event of death, benefits will be paid to the husband or wife of the Registered Reader, or dependent children, if any.

(G) No benefits will be given in respect of fire unless the fire is one which is reported on by a Fire Brigade or Police Officer, and compensation for material damage will be made subject to any rights which the applicant may have or acquire under any insurance Scheme, Company, or otherwise, and the Proprietors of JOHN BULL shall give no benefit until the Registered Reader has exhausted his or her remedies under any such insurance, money in cash, or otherwise excluded.

(H) To become recipient of rent benefit the Registered Reader must either be responsible for and furnish proof of payment of rent, or be beneficial owner, and furnish proof of net rateable assessment which shall be deemed as rent.

(I) Disablement applies where the Reader is totally unable to follow his or her usual employment.

(J) The fire and household benefits apply to the Registered Reader's household furniture or personal effects in his or her private dwelling house, apartments, or dwelling-rooms attached to business premises of the Registered Reader at the address registered, but not to business premises or stock-in-trade.

(K) Benefit shall not be payable under this scheme for any accident arising out of, or in the course of, the Registered Reader's employment.

(L) In case of change of address and/or change of Newsagent, a fresh coupon must be forwarded for registration, for which an acknowledgment must be received, otherwise no benefits will be allowed; and the Proprietors may at any time discontinue or make any amendments to this offer by the publication of a notice in JOHN BULL.

(M) In order to comply with the requirements of the law the Proprietors of JOHN BULL have to announce that while this Free Insurance Scheme does not involve any contractual liability it has the financial backing and support of Odhams Press Limited (the proprietors of JOHN BULL), whose issued share capital is over £1,000,000

(N) The husband or wife of a Registered Reader permanently residing with him or her shall be deemed to be a Registered Reader, for the purpose of those benefits which are applicable.

"I've tried every well-known brand and I can say in all sincerity that Craven "A" is the *ONLY Cigarette which does not affect my throat."*

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Only Cigarettes Made Specially to Prevent Sore Throats

20 FOR 1/-. CARRERAS LTD. 140 YEARS' REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
Telephone: Gerrard 9830.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Week ending Saturday, Jan. 5, 1929. Twopence. Vol. XLV. No. 1177.
Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage all over the world, 1d.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

You See It . . .

The General Election will not take place in y or June. It will be upon us between the ddle of September and the middle of October.

Plot.

Mr. J. H. Thomas and Lord Rothermere are ching a first-class political plot. They have a v General Election policy up their sleeves, ocked into shape during several recent meetings.

e Alternative.

If the Socialists accept it, so much the better. they refuse, Mr. Thomas contemplates a new rty, led by himself, compounded of right-wing bour Members, Imperialists and disgruntled erals with benign big-business in the back-und.

werful Backing.

He is certain of the Rothermere Press backing he ventures all on this throw. And in a General ection the *Daily Mail*, *Evening News*, *Sunday spatch*—and the rest—are not to be despised. is is the biggest political move since Mr. Lloyd orge's Coalition, because it cuts clean across Party organisations and shibboleths.

n They Do It?

Wholesale emigration as a cure for unemploy-ent is only one of the surprises. A real policy give working men an interest in the prosperity industry is at the core of the whole matter. r. Thomas and Lord Rothermere believe that ey can persuade Labour and Capital to kiss and friends.

ilway Rip Vans.

Drastic railway reorganisation may be looked about March. Sunday services are to be revised d increased. At present there are several towns England which are wholly cut off from ndon on the Sabbath. Whitby is one of them.

ng Tentacle.

William Randolph Hearst, the American wspaper magnate, we are privately informed, is w making efforts to secure a big national daily this country. He is prepared to spend millions gain this end. We hope he will be unsuccessful.

ey Can Keep Him.

To have any great newspaper under the ntrol of American interests would be bad ough. To have it under the control of a man e Hearst would be a disaster. Hearst's jour-listic policy has had an unfortunate influence his own country. Long may he stay there.

rgeous Meanness.

Servants in some of the very gorgeous clubs London are wretchedly underpaid. To wear a ended livery and to carry drinks to cantankerous gentlemen in surroundings like the interior of Paul's Cathedral is no adequate balance for wages. Tips are not given and in many cases annual Christmas fund grows less each year.

Mystery Messages.

There is a mystery about the reports of trouble in the new South African diamond diggings. The first messages, which came through very reliable channels, were serious. These were promptly contradicted by the South African Minister for Mines, and then the "rest is silence."

The Gag.

The hushing-up of news from the Dominions is too common. Information of great importance to Britain, and particularly to British investors, is held back if it does not suit the various Governments to publish it. We advise the news agencies to look into this.

Pinker and Pinker.

Lord Thomson, who was Secretary of State for Air in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Government, will shortly abandon politics for the City. He is at present visiting the United States. He will take up his new work soon after his return. It is unlikely that Lord Thomson's views will grow any more violent with the change.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT
to Registered Readers
On pages 4 and 5 will be found an announcement about our Great Free Insurance Gift.

Perfectly Legal.

Figures have been published showing the disastrous slump in greyhound-racing shares. Millions have been lost by those who bought at the top of the markets. On the other hand, the people who rigged the shares are millions in pocket. That's how fortunes are made.

Square Heads.

The ancient scare about Germany's "secret army" has been raised again. The only German "army" which is formidable is her host of scientific experts, who have transformed her in ten years from a defeated, underfed chaos to the most prosperous land in Europe. We need an army of this sort too.

Healthy Fever.

The "clean up" policy which Lord Byng has so conspicuously adopted at Scotland Yard is highly infectious. Provincial police chiefs have caught it badly and the vicious and undesirable are due for a most unhappy New Year. Liverpool, Brighton and Cardiff are only three among many localities where tremendous police activity is going forward.

Watch him GROW!

A Brainwave.

Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, the Minister of Transport, confesses to his friends that his solution of London's traffic problem lies in taking all the privately owned vehicles off the road! Still the suggestion isn't any more foolish than those which emanated from the House of Lords recently on the discussion on the Cecil Motor Bill.

D'Ye Kenya Colony?

Don't be misled by attractive stories about Kenya Colony. It is a fertile enough district, but transport difficulties are immense and it is a long, long distance away from the home markets. Case after case occurs of once hopeful folk returning home with capital lost.

Pioneers Mortgaged.

A large proportion of those who are plucky enough to remain have had to mortgage themselves to the Standard Bank of South Africa and just make enough for a bare living. And some of these do not return simply because they cannot raise the fare. One cannot save even in Kenya on £5 a week as "manager" of the property that was formerly one's own. So don't be too anxious to try.

Why?

What have the Actors' Union, the Stage Guild and similar bodies to say of the continued practice among certain managers of knocking a percentage off the salaries of players on the ground that they have also acted as agents in engaging them? And why when a case reaches the lawyers' hands is it nearly always settled out of court?

Trouble with the Cook.

Mr. A. J. Cook is getting into trouble even with the ultra-extremists in railing at the charities for the distressed miners. What is the use of declaring that all who contribute to such funds are "mere cowards"? Would Mr. Cook prefer them to be "brave" and not contribute? If so, a starving miner and his family would hardly be likely to agree with him.

London Up One.

By persuading the vast majority of his clergy to accept the present Prayer Book, the Bishop of London has scored a personal triumph. Not long since he was abused and derided as a man who was too old to do his job, and no longer master in his own house. Now he is hailed as one of the strong men of the Church. The question of his retirement has been abandoned.

Turkey Trot.

It would be interesting to know how many foreign turkeys we ate recently. It was a greater number than last year. Here's another British monopoly "going West." The frequent visits of Dominion and foreign farmers to study our home market conditions might be profitably followed by our own farmers. They haven't so far to travel.

JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR or FAVOUR

Entertaining.

It is a good idea of the authorities engaged in constructing the giant airship *R* 100 to open the shed at Howden every week-end to the public. We can think of no better way of educating the man in the street on air matters. But why charge two shillings admission? And why deduct entertainment-tax from this sum? The ways of the bureaucrats are inscrutable!

Neglect.

Some local authorities might take steps to end the disrespect that is being shown to war memorials in their towns. These seem to be held sacred on Armistice Day only. For the rest of the year the bases of the memorials support, not wreaths, but all sorts of odds and ends, and small boys play ball to their hearts' content against the pedestals. The relatives of the men whose names are written there are feeling it.

One Good Word.

It is seldom that Russia inspires us to a compliment, but we must admit that the "Reds" have exhibited wisdom in passing a law whereby, in their big cities, motor vehicles are not allowed to pass on the "near" side of stationary tramcars. Tramway officials are empowered to report offenders and a smart fine results. We wish that the Soviets would invest other matters with as much intelligence as they impart to traffic problems.

Housewives Don't Know.

There are thousands of housewives who would quickly change their grocers if they knew how the genial assistants who attend to their wants from behind the counter were "sweated." There is one provision firm of national reputation which pays a branch manager 27s. weekly. If firms that pay a decent living wage to their staffs would let the public know, they would get the business every time.

Solid "Air Mind."

Sir Hugh Trenchard is handing over the reins of the Royal Air Force High Command in 1930. "Boom," as he is known, is not a believer in the Air wing. He has all sorts of misgivings about it. His best work was undoubtedly done on the ground in the war. It is to be hoped that his successor will be Sir Geoffrey Salmond, who, with his many other aptitudes, has the real "Air mind."

Americans Favoured.

Customs officials show exceptional leniency to American travellers. The tax-loaded Britisher on landing at a port has to pay heavy duty on a couple of pairs of silk stockings he is bringing home to his wife, while a wealthy American woman is allowed to take in dress after dress of silk without paying duty, on the grounds that she is "only passing through the country *en route* for home." This privilege is abused nine times out of ten.

Another Land Ramp.

Glasgow citizens desired to extend a housing scheme. The ground required belonged to a noble lord, who valued the land, for the purpose of paying rates, at £10. Now that the City requires it the price is £5,600. It is customary to value ground by multiplying the value by twenty years, which, in this case, would mean £200. The £5,400, therefore, will have to be taken out in rent. Which is typical of the times we live in—damnably typical!

Very Odd.

About 120 Church of England livings are in the gift of the Lord Chancellor. In order that a lawyer may not be without help in his dabblings in things spiritual, Major L. P. Haviland, late of the Duke of Connaught's Lancers and, doubtless, a most gallant soldier, has been given a post as his assistant. Which is much the same as if the Bishop of Winchester assisted by an eminent stockbroker were responsible for deciding by whom our new light cruisers are to be commanded!

Sleepy.

Mail robbers must be laughing at the ineptitude of the Post Office authorities. It was not until thirty-six hours after discovery that Scotland Yard was notified of the £3,000 mail-bag robbery between Cardiff and London. The Post Office Investigation Department must wake up.

Quite Time Too.

The Ministry of Labour has issued instructions that unemployed miners who stay at home to cultivate their allotments, instead of reporting daily to the employment exchange, are not to have their unemployment pay jeopardised. There is sound sense in the idea, and the marvel is that the Ministry never thought of it before.

Practical Philanthropy.

We hope a part of the Distress Fund is to be set aside to pay the rent of some of these allotments. Thousands of miners have been compelled to surrender their little pieces of land, having no money to pay the landlord. The allotment, in many cases, is the mainstay of the miner's table. The administrators of the fund would do well to consider the point.

Hunting Horror.

We have before us a photograph of an exhausted fox being held by the "brush" while a huntsman blows his horn over it prior to permitting the poor animal to be torn to pieces by the waiting hounds. It is a revolting sight. During the two months of September and October, thirty-four hunts between them disposed of some 118 cubs in this barbarous manner. The custom of the hunts to "evict and kill" beaten foxes that have gone to ground is a debasing thing.

Peter-Paul Politics.

Farmers are awakening to the meaning of the supposed relief they are to have by derating. Many of them have written to us on the subject. One instance is that of a dairy-farmer who uses a one-ton lorry to convey his milk. When he gets his rate relief it will be £8 less than the extra he has to pay for petrol! Yet the tax on petrol was to help productive industry. The farmer knows from long experience that no matter how a Bill is drafted to help him, in the end it goes to someone else.

We've Met Them.

Many people are asking why the Government gift of £150,000 to the distressed areas should be handed to various organisations to distribute. "Why not use the employment exchanges, Boards of Guardians and Parish Councils?" writes one critic to us. "These are already in direct contact with the suffering. The Government will simply let loose an army of nosy-parkers, many of whom will treat the starving as habitual shirkers." There's something in this.

Ring-a-Ring-o'-Roses!

But it's only roses for the building rings! For you it means high rents, falling ceilings, putty instead of lead and rotten wood instead of good. The Government report on builders' tricks makes nasty reading, but not worse than we expected. This thing could have been tackled before. The powers that be have only themselves to blame for the fact that families are now combining to rent a new house, the exorbitant rent of which they cannot meet alone, thus continuing the overcrowding it was sought to abolish. Where are the brains?

IMPORTANT!

A sensational announcement will appear in an early issue. Look out for it!

Play the Game!

When will the Empire Marketing Board realise that the depression of many British textile firms is due to the harsh tariffs imposed by the Commonwealth Government? Manufacturers over here are being taxed to pay for the booming of the products of a Dominion which literally slams the door in the face of the British textiler. This is a bondage, not a bond, of Empire.

Justice.

This is how the law works. A shepherd named Frederick William Bicker, of Ashford, who pleaded guilty to an offence against his seven-year-old daughter, was sentenced to two months' hard labour at Maidstone Assizes. And at the Old Bailey Alfred Arnold Ayles, an engineer, of Medley Road, West Hampstead, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for an offence against a little girl of the same age.

Hush-hush Council.

One of our Clifton, Bristol, readers has written to the Bristol Town Clerk, Mr. Josiah Green, asking whether, as a ratepayer, he is entitled to attend council meetings. He has been informed that there is no accommodation for the general public in the council chamber and that "ratepayers are not allowed to attend council meetings." The Town Clerk is technically correct, but we should like to hear of any other council that does not allow the public to attend its sessions.

Stifled?

We are hearing little about television these days. The transference of the beam wireless system, which is the great hope of television development, from Government control to private hands, is not a cheerful outlook for the inventor, who will be at the mercy of the new combine. The financial manipulators are now able to close down all inventive effort in television unless their terms are accepted, and that is unlikely.

Explosion Secret.

The disastrous gas explosion in London's streets must never be repeated. The real cause is not far to seek. Nearly a century ago stringent regulations forbade gas companies to lay their mains under footpaths lest fires and explosions should destroy the neighbouring houses. In consequence all mains run underneath the actual roadways of London. The vibration of modern motor vehicles strains the mains and causes leaks. The old regulations must be relaxed.

Medical Miracle.

St. Austell Guardians may well be proud of Dr. F. E. Marshall, chairman of the House Committee. He has cured child inmates of the Union born without the thyroid gland and in a state of idiocy. One of them, a little boy of five, in April of last year, was unable to stand or walk—a helpless idiot. Under special treatment, health and mentality have been restored to such an extent that the child's father failed to recognise him. Hats off to Dr. Marshall!

How's Your Nose?

Have you an ugly nose? If you have we can't cure it for you, but Mr. M. Trilety, whom you may address c/o Rex House, 45, Hatton Garden, E.C.—though we couldn't find his office there—claims that he can. In fact, he says he has put 90,000 noses right. We didn't think there were so many wrong! All you have to send this nose reformer is 35s. (a reduced fee at that). He also deals with red noses, thick lips and enlarged pores. This is a man who knows.

"Good News! Good News! Good News!"

That is the heading to a circular issued by the Waverley Cash Stores (E. and M. Raeburn, props.), of Wellington Street, Glasgow. And here is a bit of bad news! Those who believe they are going to get 84s. merely through buying a pound of tea each week for ten weeks won't all get it. If instead of thinking of what the traveller said they read the circular, they will find that this sum will go only to the "first ten customers joining with our travellers." When *will* these tea tricksters pack up?

The MENACE of BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

by Major-General Sir F. MAURICE, K.C.M.G.

DURING the past year or two I have visited most of the principal European countries and the United States of America, and have had opportunities discussing the problem of armaments with ominent persons of those countries.

I am convinced that Great Britain is at the sent time the most pacifically minded country any, and that opinion has been expressed by eral American visitors to our shores.

It is, I think, safe to say that a large majority our people earnestly desire an effective limita- n of armaments. Yet public opinion in our ntry is still very ill informed as to the way to limitation.

Most people will, I think, be agreed that if re is to be an effective agreement, the parties the agreement must know what is at the back the minds of those with whom we are to confer. ere is no lack of information about this, but s not used. Because it is not used, misunder- ndings tend to increase and a solution appears be as far off as ever.

Every country approaches the problem of naments unconsciously or subconsciously in- nced by its own conditions, needs and historical kground, and very partially informed of the uences which affect other peoples.

Let me take two particular cases. The ution of the problem of naval armaments ends, in the main, on our attitude to the ted States, and the solution of the problem land and air armaments on the attitude of nce.

nthinkable idea

We get all hot and bothered when an American miral declaims, "I ask you against whom is eat Britain building? I pause for a reply;" d when American Senators talk about the rease in our Navy.

We know that we have reduced our Navy. ce 1913 we have reduced it by more than one lion tons and in the same period the United tes have increased their Navy by 447,000 tons.

We know that since 1914 we have reduced Naval personnel by 35,000 men and the ted States has increased theirs by 47,000 men.

remember the ration-cards and food queues 1917 and know that there are some risks we not take.

We know that we have not the remotest of using our Navy against America, and in fact we rejected the protocol because it med to us to contain a risk of bringing us into flict with the United States.

What, then, is the United States at? Save the small group of jingoes who exist in every ntry, the people of the United States have more idea of fighting us than we have of fighting n.

But they do want to have what they call e Freedom of the Seas," which means revision he rights of neutrals in time of war. They k that by having a stronger navy they will a better position to bargain with us about this.

If we want to limit naval armaments farther ave got to make up our minds to one of two ses: Either we will come to an agreement the United States about the freedom of the or we must leave the navy of the United es entirely out of account in our calculations.

Now what about land armaments? If we hot and bothered because our American ds seem to misunderstand us deliberately, French friends get just as hot and bothered because we seem to misrepresent as deliberately what they are at.

Since our unfortunate attempt at a naval agreement with France failed, a vast deal of nonsense about the French army has been written and spoken in this country. We are told that the French army is the largest in the world, that France has millions of trained reserves, a vast black reservoir, and that she is spending more this year than ever before upon armaments.

Now, let us look at these statements from the French point of view. The strength of the French army maintained in time of peace is usually quoted as 700,000 men.

Black reservoir

But that figure includes not only the French regular troops, but their coloured troops in all parts of the world, their Air Force, their *gendarmerie* and the Republican Guard.

To make our figure comparable to the French figures, we must add to the 166,500 regular troops for whom the British taxpayers pay, 170,000 British and native troops in India, 35,000 in the Air Force, 11,000 regular troops stationed in East and West Africa, and, say, 30,000 county constabulary to correspond with the *gendarmerie*, a total of 412,500.

Therefore, if needs are to be counted, not a satisfactory way of estimating military strength, the proportion between the French army and ours is as 7 to 4.

The naval tonnage of the two countries is: Great Britain, 1,180,000 tons; France, 529,000 tons, a proportion of 2 to 1. Naturally the Frenchman says, "I have my risks to deal with and you have yours. My country has been invaded four times in little more than 100 years. Why am I any more militaristic than you because I provide for my risks on the same scale as you do for yours?"

But what about the vast black reservoir? Well, since the war there has been an enormous increase in the French possessions in North and West Africa. These occupy an area of 3,200,000 square miles, nearly three times the area of British India.

This naturally involves a large increase in garrisons, but it is true that it has allowed France to increase greatly the numbers of coloured troops available for service in Europe. Even so their reservoir of coloured troops is not as great as ours. During the Great War we enlisted 1,524,187 coloured troops and France 415,000.

Natural irritation

The difference from the point of view of a European war is that France's reservoir is much nearer than is ours, but our ultimate resources are greater. Naturally the Frenchman is irritated when we harp on his black reservoir and say nothing about ours.

Well, at any rate, it will be agreed that there is no comparison between the French reservoir and ours. France has 6,000,000 trained reservists, we have 100,000.

Why should we be asked to leave these reservists out of account in any scheme for the limitations of armaments? The answer is because it is not practical to take them into account.

We learned during the war that a fit man can be trained to take his place in the ranks in six months or less; our Territorials at the present time would not need as much as three months.

Major-General Sir F. Maurice, K.C.M.G., was Director of Military Operations to the British General Staff from 1915 to 1918. He is a soldier who hates war, but knows how to make it. He is Principal of the Working Men's College, St. Pancras

Therefore the only trained reservists who come into the picture are not the 6,000,000, but those who would be available in the first months.

The only way to get rid of these is to get France to abolish conscription. That is not politically practical for two reasons. The first is expense. A voluntary army is very costly.

France's annual budget for army, navy and air comes to £90,000,000 and this includes her *gendarmerie* and coloured troops in all parts of the world. The British taxpayer pays for defence services £115,000,000, the Indian £41,000,000.

If we add to that £156,000,000 the cost of the forces in West and East Africa and some allowance for police, our expenditure is nearly double that of France. It is easy to understand then that a change to a voluntary system would not be very popular in France on financial grounds.

Nor would it be popular on political grounds, for France has always been afraid of a military despotism.

On the right road

The only way to get a limitation of French military power is to encourage France to continue on the road she is treading. She is gradually reducing her metropolitan army to a militia basis.

In November, 1929, the terms of service of her conscripts will be reduced to one year, and her recruits will be called up in two batches at six months' intervals in November and May. So that in six months of each year half of her conscripts will have had three months' training less.

Obviously that greatly reduces the power of the French army to act aggressively at short notice. It is France's method of limiting her armaments, and it is not ineffective.

In order to feel safe to carry out this important change of organisation, she is fortifying her Eastern frontier and increasing the number of her professional soldiers, so that the whole time of her conscripts may be given to military training. That accounts for the increase in the French military budget.

These facts are not known as they should be known. I suggest that the way to get on with the limitation of armaments is not to count soldiers and guns and tonnage, but first of all to settle possible political differences and then to get an informed public opinion.

When we each know what is at the back of the other fellow's mind we shall get on with the job.

ASYLUM DEATHS:

Sensational Disclosures

Sir Leo'in Forestier-Walker, K.B.E., M.P., one of the unpaid Commissioners of the Board of Control, who, as a Member of Parliament, should use his influence to ventilate the matter here raised

WHEN long-suffering taxpayers have to bear the overwhelming cost of maintaining public bodies to safeguard national interests, it is only right that they should be made acquainted with the full facts regarding any matter which might give rise to doubt or misgiving.

That they are too often kept in the dark is an undeniable fact, and a very grave scandal has just been deliberately hushed up by the Board of Control, which is responsible for the administration of institutions for the protection of lunatics and mental defectives.

One such institution is the Burntwood Mental Home, near Lichfield, where an alarming number of mysterious deaths have recently occurred.

Patients at this home are drawn from a large part of Staffordshire, including such important towns as Smethwick, West Bromwich, Wednesbury, and Walsall.

Heavy burden

When persons residing within this very wide radius are certified as being "mental," they are sent to Burntwood, thereafter to become a "charge" upon the ratepayers of their home districts.

As the individual charge for each patient works out at no less than 22s. 9d. a week, it is not surprising that some very strong comment has been made by those who have to bear the burden.

But that is not all. The principal staff of the Board of Control consists of a chairman and ten commissioners, who mostly receive handsome remuneration from public funds for their services.

The estimated cost of maintaining the Board of Control for last year was officially given as £688,532, while the estimate for the present year was even higher, being given as £746,094.

If such an expenditure cannot secure efficiency and trust, what are we to say?

As our readers well know, we have frequently had to criticise this great Government department for refusing to release people we have proved to be sane.

It is now our duty to challenge it in respect to the tragic deaths at Burntwood, and to demand an immediate explanation of certain happenings which show all too clearly that a policy of hush-hush is being maintained.

We have established beyond dispute that at least twenty-two unfortunate patients have recently died at Burntwood as a result of an epidemic attributable to the fact that the drinking-water at the institution was befouled.

Official obstruction

Now, the Board of Control has had far fuller facilities for investigating this scandal, and we should like to know what it proposes to do in the matter.

We fancy that many British taxpayers would like to know too; but our past experience of the Board's methods hardly inclines us to believe that it will make public mention of the scandal.

Lest any reader should imagine us somewhat harsh in our censure of this public body, let us hasten to reveal one or two facts regarding a representation recently made to the Board of Control by the Smethwick Council.

It so happens that four of the unfortunate victims at Burntwood Mental Home were former residents of Smethwick, and the circumstances of their sad end were closely enquired into by one of the Smethwick councillors, Mr. W. J. Salmon.

From the outset, this gentleman encountered official obstruction, and a request for information from the local Health Committee was refused.

He next challenged the officials in open session, and asked the chairman of the Health Committee, Alderman Mrs. Sands, if she would acquaint the council with the real truth regarding the deaths at Burntwood.

Without beating about the bush, he made it clear that the information he had so far obtained was that the polluted water supply had come from a tank that had not been cleaned out for ten years.

While no definite reply was forthcoming, it was stated that the affair had been looked into by the Health Committee, which had placed the facts before the Board of Control in London, and now awaited "developments."

At first sight this might seem satisfactory, but we are in a position to state that the Health Committee will have to wait a very long time.

Public in the dark

It is true that the four deaths affecting Smethwick were officially reported to the Board of Control, and it is within our knowledge that a representative was sent from London to investigate matters at Burntwood Mental Home.

After making his investigations there, this representative returned to London, but, so far, no report has been publicly issued for the satisfaction of those who had every right to know what conclusions he had formed.

This means that, so far as the public is concerned, it is still without vital information as to the cause of the deaths at Burntwood.

Since then the Smethwick Health Committee has made an official request for a copy of the visiting representative's report.

Intolerable position

It might just as well have cried for the moon, for the autocratic Board simply replied that *no written report was available.*

How can the Board of Control possibly justify this reply? Surely, it stands self-condemned. Twenty-two unfortunate people in an institution under its administration die in mysterious circumstances, and it simply sits back and remarks, smugly, "No written report is available."

Can such an intolerable state of affairs be permitted to pass unchallenged?

Why, when members of the public are called upon to pay substantial sums for the maintenance of a Governing Board to control institutions for the care of unhappy mental sufferers, should they be deliberately kept in the dark as to the real facts?

And, when the matter is one that so deeply affects the lives—and *deaths*—of mental deficients, surely such a secretive policy as that outlined above should be unhesitatingly condemned?

In these circumstances, we challenge the Board of Control to reconsider its attitude in this painful matter and to issue a public report without any further delay.

THE REAL PERSONAL "TOUCH"

Stuart's Skin Game

ANSWERING a box-number advertisement calling for a sleeping-partner able to invest £50, a Chalk Farm reader was favoured with a lengthy communication from H. Stuart, of Abbey Leys, Barton-on-Sea, Hants.

The writer was described on the printed letter-heading as "The Moleskin Specialist and British and Colonial Fur and Skin Merchant," and he particularly requested the applicant to regard his offer as "confidential."

Success on success

He then proceeded to tell how he started his business from nothing in 1917, and continued to pile success upon success until forced to retire through ill-health.

For the first four months of 1920, he asserts, he made a turnover of £20,000, but, strange as it may seem, he is now "somewhat short of ready money."

It is for the latter reason, apparently, that he now requires £50 of our reader's money to re-establish his wonderful business.

"There is no risk," he writes. "Should you join me and invest £50, you could have £2 monthly as interest on your investment, and 15 per cent. of the profits."

And what of the profits? According to H. Stuart, these may be estimated as 33⅓ per cent. gross, "which is quite 25 per cent. nett."

Very nice too!

His slogan is "Stuart for Safety and Satisfaction," and in a printed pamphlet accompanying his letter he declares that his business is being conducted on the successful lines of "High Prices and Prompt Payment."

He is also a great believer in the personal touch, and the cream of his comments is contained in a bright little postscript to his letter.

"Abbey Leys," he confides, "is the name of my house, where I live and carry on my business. It is a lovely place, standing in a lot of ground, and I hold it on a lease at £120 p.a."

How very, very nice! But, fortunately, our reader had the wisdom to seek our advice before allowing himself to be swayed by the foregoing alluring offer.

As a result, he is keeping his £50 in his pocket, and permitting H. Stuart, "the furrier of the South," to spread his net elsewhere.

So, for the guidance of the general public, we would add that H. Stuart is the unregistered trading name of one T. W. Ferres, whose name has been added to the printed notepaper by means of a rubber stamp, and in very small type.

Like the leopard

Ferres has followed his skin game for years.

Enrolling investing partners is a weakness with him, and in 1926 he extracted £100 from an unfortunate ex-Service man by talking glibly of his £20,000 turnover and attributing his lack of ready money to the fact that he had employed all his savings in purchasing the building in which he had his offices.

As he is now seeking £50, and employing similar tactics, it would seem that this "Furrier of the South" is like the leopard, and cannot change his spots.

A SELF-PROMOTING RASCAL

Prowling Philanderer's Lightning Coups

A CONFIDENCE man whose New Year should be marked by his early arrest is now operating in the name of Frank J. James Lane and posing as sub-lieutenant in the Royal Air Force.

He has many other aliases and his dupes are to be found scattered throughout the country.

Not long ago he made the acquaintance of a young lady at Bournemouth and speedily gained her affection and regard. His handsome features and frank blue eyes served to mask his real character, and he embarked upon a whirlwind courtship.

He drove about everywhere in a large saloon-car and patronised the leading hotels and dancing-halls. He professed an undying affection for the lady and was soon introduced to her father, who keeps a small local shop.

Cunning assurance

The engaging lieutenant soon won admiration by discoursing romantically of the dangerous manœuvre flights he had carried out for the Royal Air Force in various aerodromes, and then, with calm self-assurance, came to the real point for which he had cunningly arranged the meeting.

He had that day received a cheque for £44, and as the bank was closed and he was rather short of ready-money, he would be very much obliged if the tradesman could cash it for him.

The father regretted that he could not cash a cheque for so large a sum at that time of day, but he would gladly advance something on account if that would be satisfactory.

The airman-lover readily agreed and the tradesman accordingly handed him £14 from the till on the understanding that the lieutenant could call back for the balance on the following day.

But he never called back, nor was he seen again, and enquiries at his hotel elicited the fact that he had departed very suddenly without paying his account.

Big coup

After this startling discovery, the tradesman was not altogether surprised when the lieutenant's cheque came back from the bank with the intimation that the signature on the cheque was unknown and no one of that name had an account there.

After looking into this rogue's operations at Bournemouth, we are able to say that he has passed many worthless cheques in the locality, and that numerous complaints have been received about him.

His biggest coup in the town was perpetrated in the name of James Collett, and took place just prior to his quick-fire courtship of the tradesman's daughter.

Entering a large garage, he regaled the proprietor with a lot of interesting, but entirely false, particulars about himself, and succeeded in hiring a saloon-car on weekly terms.

It was this car, in fact, that he had passed off as his own in his subsequent coup, and the owner is now lamenting its loss, as the dashing airman drove away in it as soon as it became unsafe for him to remain in Bournemouth any longer.

Margate is another place where this heartless scoundrel has gained many dupes. He stayed at a boarding-house there and, going off without paying his bill, also purloined the proprietor's cheque-book.

Since then he has lost no time in distributing the stolen cheques on a very profitable scale by filling them in for various substantial amounts and signing them in different names.

One, for example, was handed over in settlement of his bill at the next hotel he favoured with his presence, while another was given in payment for a "strawberry" coloured suit he had made to measure at a tailoring establishment in Norfolk.

In another case, describing himself as an ex-officer of the R.N.A.S., and giving the name of F. James Lane, he answered an advertisement for a "paying guest."

Hurried departure

The householder, a gentleman living alone, was much impressed by the ex-officer's charm of manner and witty tongue, and received him without hesitation.

The guest confided that he was seeking a position as tutor in a good-class household in order to supplement his pension.

Admiral Sir Charles E. Madden, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Chief of the Naval Staff, Admiralty, who rebuked this rogue in a "descriptive" letter.

After living well for some days, he suddenly departed, but not before he had prevailed upon his host to cash two worthless cheques to the tune of £20!

His latest bow was made at Winchester in the name of "Captain Edward Causton, R.A.F."

He put up at a first-class hotel and actually borrowed a blank cheque from the proprietor by pretending that he he had just written to town for a new book.

This cheque he used to defraud a local tradesman, after which he disappeared!

We are able to reveal that he is not an officer in any branch of the Service.

Until a few months ago he was serving in the Navy, but deserted his ship to follow a more profitable but utterly dishonourable life ashore.

The police should spare no pains to bring him to book for his multifarious offences committed since.

MOONLIGHT MANŒUVRES

A Baffling Butler

AT Colne, in Essex, there was recently put up "To Let" a comfortable, unfurnished house of somewhat large dimensions.

It was not left empty for long, however, for one of the first enquirers was a dapper gentleman named Frank Kern, who declared that he liked the place immensely.

At the moment he was staying at an hotel in Watford and, being very eager to get into a place of his own, decided to rent the house.

As his references appeared to be excellent, he was granted a period of tenancy and finally moved in to the premises on November 13.

Happy family

He furnished the place lavishly, and was always smartly attired. His home was a very happy family, too.

Mrs. Kern turned out to be a magnificently gowned woman, and there were two charming daughters. His mother-in-law, a sweet-faced old lady, completed the household.

The Kerns, however, for reasons that soon became apparent to a good many people, did not stay long in their new home. In fact, their tenancy lasted exactly twenty-seven days.

On the twenty-eighth they were missing, having departed by moonlight with all the personal effects they could conveniently carry.

Their departure brought dismay to many people, for during their short stay at Colne they had lived luxuriously at the expense of local tradespeople.

Creditors bluffed

Such creditors as had pressed for settlement after the first week or so had been given post-dated cheques drawn on a Watford bank. Sometimes these were signed "C. Underwood" and sometimes "F. Kern," but the difference was of no consequence as all came back dishonoured!

We are not surprised, for we find that Mr. Kern, far from being a wealthy gentleman, is really a butler, who abandoned his irksome but honest profession some years ago in order to live by his wits.

He has numerous frauds to his discredit and his aliases would fill a column!

PUNISH THE POISONER!

Futility of Fines

TWO shocking cases of misplaced leniency at Norwich have come to our notice.

In the first, a butcher named Harold Burton Arthurton, of Sprowston Road, escaped with a paltry fine of £2 for selling meat that was considered by an assistant sanitary inspector to have been definitely unfit for human consumption.

Nor was it a case of a few pounds of meat, but the full half of a cow.

It was extensively affected by tuberculosis and, had it been purchased and eaten, it would, according to a doctor, be highly possible that the tubercular germs would have been absorbed into the system of the consumers.

Casual confession

It was in such a bad state, indeed, that it only took an official a few minutes to discover that it was diseased.

Another official discovered that it was diseased while still ten yards away from it! Altogether 15 st. 2 lb. of meat was seized.

The butcher confessed that he had given it a "casual examination." We trust that he will not be so casual again.

Tuberculosis was also featured in the second disgraceful case at Norwich.

In this a butcher named Harry Arthur Yeomans escaped with a fine of £1.

Poor defence

A pig's head and a pig's lungs which he had exposed for sale were both diseased. They were seized and condemned.

The man's defence that he had not had time to examine the head and the lungs was a poor one in view of the fact that he had, on a previous occasion, been cautioned regarding a pig's head.

It would seem that both these butchers appear to resent the speed with which sanitary officials pounce on bad meat. They suggest that no sooner has it arrived at their shops than they are "guilty."

We wish the magistrates would only do their duty as thoroughly. Butchers must see that poisoned meat does not find its way into their possession—and, if it does, they must take the consequences.

SUNLIGHT CLINICS:
Quacks Under the Ray

Arthur Lewis, a notorious quack, who presided over a "Sun-ray" clinic in Glasgow

THE other day an elaborate advertisement appeared in a Leicester paper under the arresting heading, "Amazing Miracles of Health."

It boldly asserted that cures baffling belief had been achieved by "the wonderful New Era 'Sun-Ray' Clinic, which had been established without regard to cost to help all suffering from rheumatism, sciatica, gout, deafness, paralysis, lumbago, head noises, indigestion, dyspepsia, skin troubles and a host of other ailments."

One passage ran thus:

"The cripple who could not stir a yard, the hard of hearing who never went anywhere without a speaking trumpet or some other hearing aid—the nerve sufferer whose life was one long torment—all these and many others bless the day they first made the acquaintance of the marvellous treatment administered at the New Era 'Sun-Ray' Clinic, established at 101, London Road, Leicester, for the benefit of sufferers throughout Leicestershire and the districts generally."

We do not know how many sufferers may have been attracted by this advertisement, but it was most emphatic in all its claims.

"Be rid of your suffering once and for all!" was one slogan employed, and two testimonials from grateful patients were reproduced.

There were also two very interesting photographs.

One, purporting to represent a New Era "Sun-Ray" operator treating a patient for rheumatism and arthritis in the legs, showed a white-coated gentleman bending over the said legs with some sort of apparatus discernible in the background.

The other, purporting to represent a lady patient undergoing "sun-ray" treatment for deafness, showed a grave young lady standing beside some device resembling a cross between a dentist's automatic drill and the lower section of a petrol pump!

Grave doubt

In each case the caption begged one to observe how painless the treatment is!

Now, the value of efficient sun-ray treatment is not to be disputed, but, as we have had cause to remark on so many occasions, it is essential that it should be carried out under the most dependable medical supervision.

In spite of the New Era Sun-Ray Clinic's contention that it employs a "perfected treatment," we feel that there are grave grounds for doubt in the matter.

One gentleman who called for a consultation was received, not by a medical man, as might be expected, but by a Mr. Goldman.

When he expressed surprise and a reluctance to proceed without a qualified doctor, Mr. Goldman explained that while he himself examined patients and prescribed the course of treatment, everything was subsequently carried out under a medical man's supervision!

Ambitious object

As the enquirer was not enamoured of this topsy-turvy arrangement of the unqualified man taking precedence over the qualified practitioner, he did not proceed with the treatment.

We think he was wise, for enquiries we have made regarding the New Era Sun-Ray Clinic do not inspire confidence.

In the first place it was established only as recently as November 15 last, and, in spite of its claim that its premises at Leicester have been equipped without regard to cost, we find that only £2 of its authorised £600 capital has been paid up!

Even with the full £600 behind it, it could not hope to get very far, for its objects are "to carry on the business of sun-ray and ultra-violet ray clinics or institutions, and to buy, sell, hire or manufacture apparatus and instruments used in connection with such business."

But that is not all. In February of this year an advertisement appeared in a Glasgow paper calling attention to "marvellous cures" effected by the "Glasgow Sun-Ray Centre."

This advertisement was also illustrated. One picture showed a patient undergoing treatment for rheumatism and arthritis in the legs; the other represented a grave-faced lady patient undergoing treatment for deafness.

And here, we think, is to be found the greatest "miracle" of all!

By some strange freak of science, these photographs are identical with those purporting to depict scenes at the New Era Sun-Ray Clinic at Leicester.

Yet they appeared in the Glasgow paper nine months before the Leicester clinic was established!

It would be interesting to have the explanation of this phenomenon—especially as the Glasgow concern was under the direction of a notorious quack named Arthur Lewis, who, in one name or another, has preyed upon sufferers in all parts of the country.

The best course

But whoever may be the guiding spirit in the Leicester venture, we trust that the people of Leicester will view the claims of the New Era Sun-Ray Clinic with disfavour.

Those who desire treatment should not dream of going anywhere but to an established centre where only fully qualified medical men are in attendance to prescribe and also to administer the necessary treatment, and where custom is not touted for through the medium of highly coloured advertisements.

Grave Warning

VOLUMES THAT VANISHED
Bad-Bargain Barrett

AN advertisement recently appeared in a daily paper of repute offering for sale an admirable edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

A reader whose notice was attracted wrote for particulars and was favoured with a reply from an address in Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.

The writer, who signed himself "E. Barrett," described the edition in full and declared that it was in splendid condition.

He was, he said, prepared to accept £10 for it, and would be only too pleased to refund the money without question if the prospective purchaser was not satisfied.

Anxious wait

He regretted, however, that he could not send such a valuable collection on approval and made it a stipulation that the £10 must be sent first of all if the applicant, who lived at Colchester, wanted to secure it.

Feeling that a real bargain might slip through his fingers, the Colchester reader complied with this request and waited anxiously for the books to arrive. Days passed, however, and nothing more transpired.

He wrote again and, receiving no reply, had a few enquiries made in London.

To his dismay he was informed that the address in Wandsworth Road was a shop where letters could be taken in for outside individuals!

How many others?

The only information about Mr. Barrett was that he had not been seen for days, but that on the occasion of his last visit, a week or more before, he had collected a number of letters that had then been awaiting him.

As by law every person using an accommodation address must register his real name and address in a book kept specially for that purpose, enquiries were made at that lodged by Mr. Barrett.

His particulars were as false as his £10 bargain offer, and our Colchester reader is now wondering how many other trusting souls have parted with their money!

A SHILLING SORCERESS
Fees for Fiddle-de-dee

THAT every man possesses an abundance of unsounded character is the boast of Madame Levenor, of London Road, West Croydon, who, according to a circular distributed locally, has travelled far and wide.

She has, we are told, been "the talk and wonder of many towns for her second sight," and is a "bewitched power, patronised by officials of the country."

Thus introduced, Madame Levenor invites consultations on such matters as health, business, character and matrimony, the modest fee for which is a shilling.

Modest fee

Should a shilling's-worth not be sufficient to satisfy the demands of an ordinary mundane mind, Madame will be only too pleased to arrange a special appointment at which, for a further and larger fee, much more can be unfolded.

One gentleman who decided to risk a preliminary consultation sent Madame particulars of his birth date and asked how much she could tell him for a bob. Madame rose to the occasion, and replied within two days.

But her reply was couched in such terms that it was clear that Madame, notwithstanding her astrological genius, was under the impression that her consultant was a lady.

Contradictory readings

However, her "reading" revealed the fact that he she was "very ambitious" and fond of flattery.

This "reading" was sent in the form of a printed leaflet, on which the various attributes were tabulated. The client's characteristics were ticked off in pencil.

But Madame must suffer from mental abstraction for lower down the list she contradicted herself by ticking off "You lack ambition"!

She qualified this by letting him know that he/she could console himself/herself in the fact that he/she had sympathy for others.

He has—a very strong sympathy indeed—for all other people who are foolish enough to send their shillings to Madame for such arrant rubbish.

CALLOUS MAGISTRATES.

Shocking Revelations—A Father's Terrible Experience

WOE betide all who are summoned before the Bench at Wolverhampton, for, if the recent case of father who was charged with eglecting his child is any criterion, hey are in for a hard time.

The father in question is Mr. Henry Gwinnett, of 158, Jeffcock oad, Wolverhampton, and he was rst haled up at the local police ourt on November 10 and charged ith cruelty to his six-year-old aughter, Gertrude, by wilful eglect.

It appears that the medical uthorities of the Education Comittee had endeavoured to persuade r. Gwinnett to agree to an operation n his child for enlarged tonsils.

Mr. Gwinnett had refused to give s consent, and it was now alleged at the child's health was menaced consequence.

In his evidence the father explained at while he was averse from an peration he had never refused edical treatment.

Publicly branded

Both he and his wife were alarmed the possibility of fatal results in surgical operation, and were conent that a cure could be effected careful treatment.

After a lengthy retirement, the agistrates pronounced Mr. Gwinnett be guilty, but added that they ould adjourn the case for a month. he ultimate punishment, they deared, would depend upon his action the interval.

Now, it is not a pleasant thing r parents to be publicly branded as ilty of cruelty or wilful neglect wards their child, and both Mr. and Mrs. Gwinnett felt the sting of this magisterial decision acutely.

Although their means were limited, they decided to take every step possible to justify their position, and no fewer than four London specialists were consulted.

Without exception, these highly placed medical authorities expressed the opinion that an operation was quite unnecessary.

Refused certificates

So, when Mr. Gwinnett next appeared in court, on December 12, he was armed with the necessary medical certificates.

He felt positive that he would now be able to convince the magistrates that he was being unjustly charged, and that their damning decision had been too premature.

But, when the critical moment came and Mr. Gwinnett was about to produce the certificates, up jumped the magistrates' clerk to declare that they could not be accepted as evidence and that he ought to put the specialists in the witness-box.

Mr. Gwinnett gave his assurance that he could certainly persuade one or more of the specialists to attend if the magistrates would grant an adjournment for a week.

This request was granted, though not before the Bench had got in a cutting remark to the effect that the case had already been adjourned once and there had been ample time to arrange for his doctor to be present.

Apparently, the magistrates did not pause to consider how a man of limited means was to summon a number of West End specialists to Wolverhampton to support him!

However, having gone so far, Mr. Gwinnett was determined to fight for justice, and when he finally appeared before the Bench on December 15, two West End specialists were in court to give evidence on his behalf.

This was due not to any indulgence on the part of the magistrates, but to the generosity of the Distributists' League, presided over by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, which had put up the money to help Gwinnett and provide legal assistance.

The first specialist to be called was Dr. Fergie Wood, F.R.C.S., of Harley Street.

He testified to having examined Gertrude ten days previously, and, while her tonsils certainly had been enlarged, there was no indication that her general health had suffered.

Shameful action

There was no sign of deformation of the chest or of the deafness that had been made so much of by the school medical authorities.

Finally, Dr. Fergie Wood declared that, with a certain diet, medicine and breathing exercises, the child might reasonably be restored to normal health within six months.

Mere enlargement of the tonsils did not in itself increase the risk of other diseases, and he *did not recommend an operation.*

Similar evidence was given by Dr. B. Allison, F.R.C.S., of Dorset Square, London, who also added that surgical treatment was the very last remedy.

In these circumstances, one might have expected the magistrates to tender a sincere apology to the parents and regret their former verdict of "Guilty."

Gertrude Gwinnett

But they did nothing of the sort. Stubborn to the last, they now called upon Mr. Gwinnett to give an undertaking to see that his daughter received the treatment prescribed by the London doctors.

To this Mr. Gwinnett was able to reply that the treatment had commenced and that improvement was already apparent!

Still the magistrates would yield no ground. They now stipulated that the parents must agree to allow the chief medical officer of the Education Committee to examine their child once a month.

Then, and only then, the Bench pronounced themselves "satisfied." But, as Gwinnett had already been convicted at the first hearing, they decided to impose a light fine of 40s.

Most people will agree that the Wolverhampton magistrates have acted shamefully in this matter.

Whilst Mr. and Mrs. Gwinnett have undoubtedly scored a moral victory, it is disgraceful that two parents who have the welfare of their little daughter so much at heart should remain branded in official records as "cruel" and "neglectful."

THE TWOPENCE-THREE-FARTHINGS MAJOR

A Fitting Reward for Impudence

AN interesting little comedy has just been enacted at the London Bankruptcy Court, and we have no oubt that our readers will find e details highly amusing.

The occasion was the application r discharge from bankruptcy made Major William Aldworth, who as effectively exposed by us a ar or two ago when he was operating a self-styled "Army partnership pert."

We then denounced him in no certain terms for his callous practe of robbing ex-Service men of eir savings in bogus investment-th-employment schemes, and the ajor had the effrontery to bring action against us for damages.

Judge's reminder

He lost his case ignominiously, d Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief stice, found it necessary during e course of the hearing to remind ajor Aldworth that the employment-with-investment dodge was almost "the commonest form of swindling in the country."

Some people, however, are possessed of such a fund of impertinence that they remain unabashed in the face of all rebuffs.

Bluff and bluster

When Major Aldworth applied to Mr. Registrar Francke the other day for his discharge in bankruptcy, he excelled himself in this respect.

Against liabilities amounting to £1,223 in his personal bankruptcy, the Major had only been able to muster assets of £63 9s., which had resulted in a first and final dividend of exactly 2¾d. in the pound.

In these circumstances he should have been very humble and contrite, but with preposterous bluff and bluster he attributed his failure to the fact he had lost his case against JOHN BULL in which he had sued for £5,000 damages.

But, if he expected to arouse sympathy by adopting this air of injured innocence, he was sadly disappointed.

Truth will out and the exact circumstances of that historic action were outlined by the Official Receiver.

He told how JOHN BULL had exposed Major Aldworth for using his military rank and decorations for the purpose of inducing ex-Service men to invest their savings in various worthless businesses in which their money had subsequently been lost.

Vexatious conduct

He told, also, how a special jury, after hearing the Major's evidence, had intimated to the Lord Chief Justice that they had heard quite enough to dismiss the action *without troubling to hear a word of the defence!*

Thus, JOHN BULL was vindicated in the fullest manner possible, and it is interesting to note that the petitioning creditor in the Major's bankruptcy was one of twenty-one victims whose cases were dealt with in our exposure.

The Official Receiver expressed the opinion that the Major was not justified in proceeding with his defence in the action brought by this victim after the smashing decision against him in the action with JOHN BULL.

Impudence rewarded

By making this unjustified stand he had put this victim to unnecessary expense, and the Official Receiver characterised the Major's conduct in this connection as "vexatious."

With these facts before him Mr. Registrar Francke had no difficulty in forming a decision.

He held that the allegation by the Official Receiver was fully made out and announced that Major Aldworth's discharge would be suspended for four years.

Our readers will agree that the Major's colossal impudence has been adequately rewarded!

FAMOUS NAMES FORGED

A Priceless Batch of Bunkum

Mr. Thomas James Wise, M.A., is a lifelong book collector. He is an expert on the poets and is not to be deceived by the cleverest of forgeries. He has a keen eye, a facile pen and a fund of technical knowledge that breeds despair in the heart of any crook who ventures with his fakes into the world of literature

NOTHING is truer than the old saying, "Demand begets supply." Let there be a public demand for something, no matter if it is old furniture, a cure for corns, or a shilling share worth £1, and the public will get it.

Or, at any rate, they will get a good imitation of it. The crooks will see to that.

To-day there is a tremendous boom in manuscripts of well-known writers of the past. As most of these writers are dead and buried, the demand is much greater than the supply.

These manuscripts fetch such enormous sums that they have tempted certain ingenious gentlemen to try their hand at literary forging.

So far as we have been able to discover, there is a single master brain who is responsible for all the forged manuscripts which have been offered for sale in England during the last two or three years.

This man is not only known personally to the leading booksellers in London, but he is familiar to the public! Why is he not laid by the heels?

Perfect artist

The truth is that he is too clever for everybody. If any bookseller were to bring a charge against him he would be pretty sure to lose his case.

The man is past-master in his art and can afford to snap his fingers at his victims.

Probably as a result of years of study and years of practice in imitating different handwritings, he has brought his art to such a pitch of perfection that he can deceive even the experts.

We know of several cases where he has taken the cunning precaution of having his forgeries pronounced genuine by a literary expert.

Armed with such a certificate, he becomes righteously indignant if anyone dares to express any doubts about his fakes.

He has also another trump card up his sleeve. Nobody who has been duped likes to admit that he has been made a fool of.

Booksellers and book-collectors are touchy about their powers of judgment. If they pay large sums of money for manuscripts which are afterwards found to be forgeries, they prefer to cut their losses and keep quiet about it.

We are, therefore, all the more indebted to those who have been sufficiently public-spirited to inform us of their misfortunes.

Although our forging friend is able to produce skilful fakes of about a dozen different writers, he has made a special study of the poet Shelley, who lived about a hundred years ago.

There is a reason for this. Shelley's handwriting is very variable and allows for a considerable margin of error in imitating it. Shelley's manuscripts are worth large sums of money.

Also, there are so many documents of Shelley's on the market that it is very difficult to identify extra ones as forgeries.

Fakes and forgeries

One of the first of his fakes to reach London was a preface supposed to have been written by Shelley to his wife's first novel.

This, with an autographed poem of Shelley's and a letter of Mrs. Shelley's, both forgeries, came into the hands of Mr. W. T. Spencer, a book-dealer of New Oxford Street.

The following winter Mr. Spencer picked out two more Shelley forgeries in a sale which was being held by a well-known firm of literary auctioneers in Chancery Lane. As soon as he pronounced them fakes, they were, of course, withdrawn.

At about the same time another Shelley forgery was offered to Mr. Myers, the well-known dealer of New Bond Street, and several Shelley manuscripts were shown to Mr. T. J. Wise, the famous book-collector of Hampstead.

All these and many others, too numerous to mention separately, were not only excellent imitations of the poet's handwriting, but were written in inks almost exactly similar to those which Shelley himself used.

Extraordinary cunning

The thoroughness and cunning of the man goes to extraordinary lengths. Like most poets Shelley had a habit of groping after a word. His manuscripts are full of crossings out and recrossings out.

While in deep thought he would draw little trees and figures at the side of his page. The forger boldly imitates him in both these respects.

Considering that his documents are not copies, but fabrications, he must be a man of great literary knowledge and devilish ingenuity.

He is absolutely accurate in his dates. It may be that in an authentic letter dated, say, May 6, Shelley mentions that he is visiting some town in a week's time. Our friend fabricates a letter addressed from this town and dated May 14.

Every detail is thought out with diabolical precision. He even produces a faithful imitation of Shelley's seal impression.

His energy and versatility are amazing. Faked manuscripts supposed to have been written by Byron, Wordsworth, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Conrad Oscar Wilde, Dickens, Lamb and General Wolfe have all been pronounced by the experts as the work of the same man.

Slight slip

There is a certain character about the writing which proves that they all come from a single source.

Not long ago Mr. Wise was sent a Byron manuscript from a firm of booksellers in Cambridge. The paper was discoloured as though

The Hon. Trevor Bigham, previously Assistant Commissioner, who succeeded Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs as Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. He is fifty-two years of age, son of Viscount Mersey, and has been at the Yard since 1909. He will have no easy task in bringing to justice this "learned" literary crook

from age, all except a small patch in one corner.

Mr. Wise has not been a collector all his life for nothing. After examining the handwriting closely he returned the manuscript to the firm. When it asked the reason, he pointed out that the manuscript owed its venerable appearance to coffee!

For once our friend the forger had made a slight slip. When he dipped his masterpiece into the coffee he had forgotten the small patch at the corner where his finger and thumb had grasped it.

The firm had not noticed this, and, of course, had acted in good faith.

Mr. Wise also tripped him up over a forged pair of letters supposed to have been written by Mrs. Browning to Dickens, and by Dickens to Mrs. Browning.

Both these letters were extremely clever forgeries, but unfortunately Dickens' letter began "Dear Madam."

Now Mr. Wise happened to know that Dickens was on friendly terms with Mrs. Browning, so he examined the paper on which the letters were written with a microscope.

He found then that the two pieces of paper—genuine old paper—consisted of the two halves of the same sheet!

Nonplussed agent

At first the forger boldly hawked round his own wares, but now that book dealers and collectors know a little too much about him he employs a number of agents.

Some of these are plain, working men who are chosen to disarm suspicion.

A short time ago a man who seemed to be a manual labourer came into Mr. Spencer's shop in New Oxford Street and offered him a book with some manuscript notes by Charles Lamb.

It was dated 1839, and Mr. Spencer pointed out that Lamb had died in 1834. The man was completely taken aback. He blurted out, "It must be another Lamb, Gov'nor," and beat a hasty retreat.

But it is very seldom that the forger makes a mistake. His effrontery is astounding.

Acting boldly on the old legend which relates how General Wolfe said, "I would rather have written Gray's 'Elegy' than have taken Quebec," he forged a copy of Gray's "Elegy," autographed by General Wolfe.

What is more, he sold it for £1,000 to a man who refused to believe it was a forgery and resold it in Toronto at a profit!

Drastic move

At the moment our friend has turned his attention to America. Presumably he is giving the English market a rest. But there is no doubt that we shall have him back again in London before long.

Booksellers are discussing what action they will take when he does return, and what they can do when one of his agents offers them a manuscript which they feel convinced is a forgery.

It seems impossible to bring him to book, because it is almost out of the question to produce sufficient evidence to convict him.

The only possible thing to do is what Mr. Wise did when he was offered a forgery some months back. He tore the manuscript into little pieces and left the man to take action against *him*.

Beyond a pretty burst of temper and some hair-raising threats, nothing has come of it yet.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

to People who Deserve Them

Air Vice-Marshal Sir G. SALMOND, K.C.B., Royal Air Force Headquarters, India.

DEAR SIR GEOFFREY,—The Air Force in India, under your command, has rescued twenty-eight French and German women and children from the war-stricken City of Kabul. This thrilling adventure of aerial knight-errantry will do more real good in promoting international good will than half a dozen "conferences" with a few "parleys" and conversations thrown into the bargain. Convey, please, my gratitude to the officers who carried out so successfully a raid of mercy. JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P., Secretary to the Labour Party.

DEAR SIR,—When you are in Glasgow next week, tell the local Trades and Labour Council how stupid is its action in demanding the resignation of five Labour Bailies for supporting an application for a new public-house licence. This council's policy, in effect, is prohibition, but the Bailies claim they voted as magistrates, not as Labour representatives. If a Party is to dictate decisions to be given by magistrates on the Bench, the public simply won't stand for it. I have my eye on this affair. JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. J. STALLWORTHY, Ministry of Health, Auckland, N.Z.

DEAR SIR,—You have astounded the world by announcing that your recent elevation to Cabinet rank in the New Zealand Government was a call to Divine service. Though you have never been in Parliament before, you are certain that you can show them all how it ought to be done. Such self-conceit would be uproariously funny if you had not mixed it with vulgar profanity. JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWIN GARDNER, Tonypandy, Glamorgan.

DEAR SIR,—You are a crossing-sweeper; yet at the age of sixty-five you have produced a Mass, the musical excellence of which has astounded the professors and critics. My warmest congratulations. But I wish the world had not waited to recognise your genius until your hair was silver. If only encouragement and appreciation had reached you in youth, what magnificent music might you not have given us. I trust that this tardy tribute to your melody may console you for all the barren years. JOHN BULL.

Captain MALCOLM CAMPBELL. Byron House, St. James's Street, S.W.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—In order to find a suitable terrain for your assault on the world's motor-car speed record, you nearly killed yourself carrying out an aerial reconnaissance of the Sahara. Now twenty-five miles of sun-baked clay in South Africa has caught your fancy. But why not take your car to the top of Mount Everest and start downwards? I'll warrant that your speed would surprise even so rapid a fellow as yourself. But, seriously, I admire you for your dogged resolve to win back the record. JOHN BULL.

Miss BARBARA HARRISON, c/o Chief Customs Officer, Dover.

DEAR BARBARA,—I expect you are cured of smuggling by the fine of £938 which the Dover magistrates imposed on you for importing silk dresses and garments without going through the formality of paying duty on them. I don't pity you a scrap; but you must feel sore when you reflect that gangs of crooks are smuggling drugs, saccharine, and optical glass into this country on a vast scale without any serious effort being made to prevent them. Some fish seem too big for the Customs net. JOHN BULL.

Commander EVANGELINE BOOTH, Salvation Army Headquarters.

DEAR MISS BOOTH,—You have come from your American home to join the discussions of the Grand Council on the subject of the future leadership of the "Army." I rejoice that you will find its present general, your brother Bramwell Booth, improved from his recent critical illness. Persuade him to retire gracefully from his position before the Grand Council proceeds to remove him from it by the cold and formal method of adjudicating him unfit, because of advancing years, for his task. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN GARTON, Hatfield Broad Oak, Harlow, Essex.

DEAR SIR,—You have been chosen president of the National Farmers' Union for this year. I need not tell you of the desperate plight of the British farmer; but I appeal to you for a constructive policy to heal it. A healthy agriculture is the basis of our national well-being. Seek out the acutest and most original brains, equip them with all the resources of your organisation, and do not rest until a practical programme is hammered out. Politicians have failed too often to solve the problem. Let's see what a farmer can do. JOHN BULL.

Captain JAMES BRANDER DUNBAR, Superior of Lossiemouth.

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I see you have brought the town and council of Lossiemouth to their knees with your threat to take away the public square unless they agree to pay you a rent for what your esteemed father gave for nothing thirty odd years ago. I regret I cannot congratulate you, though one must have a nice feudal feeling to own a rising resort like Lossiemouth. Are you forgetting that this is 1929, not 1629? You would have been a great success three hundred years ago. JOHN BULL.

Miss EVELYN LAYE, Daly's Theatre, London.

DEAR EVELYN,—You were unlucky enough to tear a ligament in your elbow; but in order to fulfil your engagements, you played your part with your painful arm bound up in a sling. I should have been surprised had you done otherwise, for thousands of women manage to do their own housework and mother large families of children handicapped by disabilities far more serious and unpleasant than your own. Of course, the newspapers don't pay any attention to their courage in carrying on so bravely. JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOHN B. RECTOR, Telegraphic Address: "Killjoy, Scotland."

DEAR JOHNNY,—So you are the purity campaigner who wants to cheat my Scottish friends out of their Hogmanay. You denounce this festivity as a "devil's carnival," where "whisky flows like water." I hope that you have now recovered from a skim-milk Christmas spent with "Dora," because I want you to pay a visit to New York, where you will see the horrible degradations which Prohibition has wrought. JOHN BULL.

SIDNEY COLLETT, Willoughby Road, Hampstead, London, N.W.

DEAR SIDNEY,—What a romantic chap you are! You fell in love with a policewoman at first sight, and pursued her with letters, photographs and presents. But she doesn't return your passion; so, when you pressed your suit on her beat, she had you arrested for obstruction. Too bad! But don't give up. As you are a flower-merchant, try to "say it with flowers," and you may yet lead someone from church under an archway of truncheons. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WARWICK ARMSTRONG, Melbourne, Australia.

SIR,—In the past you have been a great cricketer, but you have yet to learn how to "play cricket." Because England seems to be on top during the present M.C.C. tour of Australia, you try to deprecate Larwood's triumphant bowling by ill-tempered sneers, accusing him of bowling at the batsman, not the wicket.

Yet when you captained an Australian team, who visited England in 1921 and carried all before them, you indicated contemptuously that our cricket was as rotten as our climate, and that test matches were hardly worth while. Latterly you have changed your bat for a pen, and commenced journalism. The ink seems to have gone to your head, for neither your manners nor your sportsmanship has improved.

JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS: "We gave the young women the vote because we believed it to be right."

And in the hope that they might vote Tory out of gratitude.

* * *

SIR WILFRED GRENFELL: "There will be less hunger in Labrador this winter than in England."

A crying scandal to a rich country that calls itself Christian.

* * *

MR. HUGH WALPOLE: "The person who wants to write a novel of moral purpose may as well go and hang himself."

Bunkum! It all depends how the novel of moral purpose is written.

* * *

SIR RICHARD PAGET: "Human speech is still in a very primitive condition."

Still it's quite understandable when it has anything good to say.

* * *

PROF. A. LLOYD-JONES. "More bad English is heard in England than in any other part of the British Isles."

That puts the tin hat on our boasted educational system.

* * *

SIR BENJAMIN GOTT: "Educational advance in recent years has been enormous."

Then it's a great pity not to make better use of it.

Here is the Prescription that is Recognised by Aural Specialists and Doctors as the Most Reliable Cure in the World for

CATARRH

Sufferers from Bronchial and acute Nasal Catarrh, Stuffiness, Cold in the head or chest, Huskiness, Hacking Cough at night, Influenza cold, or Chill, offensive Nasal Discharge, Incessant Sneezing, Frontal Headache, Watering of the Eyes, Deafness, etc., etc., can confidently rely upon the following prescriptions for immediate relief and cure.

We don't believe in secret Formulas—we know that we can cure Catarrh and are not afraid to publish how we do it. Here is our prescription in plain type for all to see—if you have any doubt about its efficacy, ask your doctor if he knows a more reliable prescription, and take his advice.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR IF HE KNOWS A MORE RELIABLE REMEDY

Here's Our Proof—

A FEW TESTIMONIALS.

"Your prescription No. 331 is the finest cure for colds and coughs, and I do not fail to recommend it to my friends."

"I have kept myself free from serious illness this winter by using these tablets."

"Thank you for the splendid result I obtained through taking your pills for catarrh. I am informing all my friends of same."

"Thank you for your wonderful remedies. I am glad to say that my catarrh is now quite well. I got relief from the first tablet and was cured after using six of them, and one bottle of 50 has cured me of Bronchitis. I am over 70 and still working."

"Your cure of Nasal Catarrh is wonderful and does give relief in two minutes and cure in two days. I shall be pleased to recommend it."

"Your tablets have saved me from Influenza. Have been nursing my sister through an attach and been badly threatened twice myself. Each time I have dissolved three during the evening as directed and then been all right the next morning."

"Prescription No. 829TX, Nose and Mouth Wash. I have derived great benefit from its use and could not wish for better results for Nasal Catarrh, although I have previously tried Doctors' Prescriptions, Maxim Inhaler, etc., and derived no benefit. I have recommended it to relations and friends who noticed the change."

"They cured me after four years' suffering from Catarrh."

"We value your medicines very highly. The best we have ever had."

"Many thanks for the treatment to hand. I have been using it to-day and my breathing seems better already."

THE PRESCRIPTION

FOR ADULTS ONLY

The Pills—composed of Paregoric Elixir, Licorice extract, Pine Tar, Creosote, etc. Licorice loosens the phlegm, Creosote is anti-tubercular and germicidal, Pine Tar is an antiseptic, Paregoric (compound of Aniseed, Benzoic Acid, Camphor and Opium) soothes the chest. Dose—One or two pills several times a day. (Special Pills without the Paregoric supplied for children.)

The Nasal Wash for Adults or Children is composed of Menthol, Thymol, Wintergreen, Borax, Carbolic, and Soda Bicarb., etc. This clears the nose and throat of the deadly catarrh mucous and destroys the germs of colds, influenza, etc.

Note Thousands of persons have discovered that the use of this Nasal Wash daily keeps them absolutely free from colds. It is worth trying this winter.

Germ Killing-Snuff—This is known as Dr. Ferriers' Catarrh Snuff, and is composed of Bismuth, Acacia, and a Sedative. It soothes the inflammation in the channels of the Nasal passage that is caused by the catarrhal condition. It is to be used after the nose wash.

THE COMPLETE TREATMENT

The total cost of this Course of treatment is 4/6, and considering its efficacy and how often it will save a man being off work for days and weeks, the cost is very small in comparison. Double Course, 8/6; Triple Course, 12/6

Mr. WILLIAM SHADFORTH, *Pharmaceutical Chemist,*
(Dept. J.B. 44) **63, GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.3**

TRY IT IF YOU ARE SUBJECT TO COLDS

HERE'S THE PRICE

POST FREE 4/6

MONEY BACK

So confident are we that a Trial Course will give relief that we undertake to return to new customers their payment of 4/6 in full if they are not satisfied.

BACKACHE

RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GRAVEL, LUMBAGO—*5 ailments arising from chill on the kidneys that may be promptly relieved by the following prescription:—*

Rp—1 *Potassium Nitrate, 1½ grains, Juniper Oil, ¼ drop, Colchicum, ½ grain, Venice Turpentine, ½ grain, Capsicum, ¼ grain, Bearberry Extract, 1-8th grain, Methylene Blue, 1-5th grain, Copaiba Balsam, ¼ drop, Buchus Extract, ¼ grain. In 1 tablet.*

(Prescription No. 40)
VALUE OF INGREDIENTS
Prescribed by Doctors everywhere

These ingredients are kidney stimulant or diuretic, antiseptic or germicidal, anti-uric and pain-killing (analgesic). The trace of Methylene Blue colours the urine green. Non-purgative.

Price
1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432)

TRIAL SIZE 1/-
POST FREE
Sufficient for four or five days

INDIGESTION

Don't continue to be a martyr to this distressing complaint—Shadforth Prescription No. 1077 has brought relief to thousands who have found everything else fail. So that you may know exactly what you are taking we publish our formula:—

Bismuth Carb.
Soda Bicarb. Oil of Peppermint.
Magnesia Carb. Oil of Aniseed. In Tablets.

This prescription is a non-purgative. Avoid fried, oily foods and excess of starchy foods for a few days. Dose—2 tablets before each meal. You feel easier in five minutes. Sizes 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), and 7/- (432).

Where the Indigestion and Acidity are exceptionally uncomfortable and painful, ask for the Special Prescription for Painful Dyspepsia, No. 15. Price 1/9 (72), 3/3 (144 tablets).

Price:
72 Tablets - 1/4
144 „ - 2/6
Post Free.

You can obtain these Prescriptions post free at the prices named [abroad extra] from:—

MR. WM. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. **63 (Dept. J.B. 44), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.3.**

Branches: 168, High Street, Walthamstow, E.17; 409, Barking Road, East Ham, E.6; 12, Durban Road, West Ham, E.15; 6, Ashton Parade, Chadwell Heath; 2, Heath Park Parade, Gidea Park; 1148, Green Lane, Becontree Heath; and 49, King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.4.

The Truth About Things—by the Editor

SHAKE—and SHARE

The Prosperity Express

NOW that the New Year is getting up steam for its colossal tasks, it is heartening to find creeping into the public utterances of public men a note that has been sadly absent for a long time.

There is Mr. Ben Tillett, for instance. "If Britain is to recover her industrial prosperity and her lost markets," he said the other day, "there must be courage, initiative and competence equal to the task.

"Labour has its contribution to make, and will respond if invited; but it must be prepared to shoulder the responsibility that will come with greater co-operation and a bigger share in the control and direction of industry."

And he added: "*There must be more trust and less suspicion.*"

There was Mr. Citrine too: "There will be many opportunities for service in 1929," he said.

There are a lot more who have been talking equally wisely. For the first time in industrial history a New Year has started to the slogan of "Co-operation and mutual good will."

NOBODY welcomes this spirit more than we do. It is the gospel we are never tired of preaching.

The world has moved a long way since the days of the ridiculous general strike, and we are whole-heartedly behind any and every force that is engaged in killing strife and breeding co-operation.

But fine words will get us nowhere. Noble sentiments sound well, but they are too apt to be considered the end instead of the beginning.

Away with suspicion by all means! Let us have more trust? Certainly! But what then? What are the practical steps that need to be taken?

The country is in dire need of reorganisation from end to end. We have periodically a census of population. Why not a census of industry? Why not as complete a stocktaking of our national needs and our national resources as it is possible to make?

There should be at once a complete stocktaking of both the needs and the capacity of our industries, with a view to finding out which are capable of expansion and which need extra special attention to get them going again.

The starting-point of all the co-operation and good will should be an exact knowledge of how many men are actually engaged in each shop, factory, mine and mill—and how many could actually be engaged.

At present we do not know. Nobody has thought it worth while to enquire.

IT is quite possible that the country could at this very moment employ far more than it is doing—if we would only get together and find out.

Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Citrine are quite right to talk like Dutch uncles to the trade unions. They need it. They have needed it for a long time.

But so do the employers. So do the politicians. So do all the busybodies who live on the fomenting of strife and unrest.

We have said before, and we are going to say again, that once in its history this country made a serious effort to find out what it could really do if it tried.

During the war we astonished not only our enemies but ourselves. We found when we really set about it that the resources of the country—physical, mental and spiritual—were well-nigh inexhaustible.

Now, in 1929, in the much more serious situation in which we find ourselves, is the time to do it again.

The conferences now being held between employers and trade union leaders are the most hopeful sign yet that something is really going to be done.

Everybody, from the House of Commons down to the individual workman, should push them along—hard.

AND THEN WHAT——?

Mr. Ben Tillett

GET ON WITH IT!

SINCE there is an English company willing to undertake the construction of the long-talked-about Channel Tunnel, without any assistance whatever from the State, and since there is also a French company willing to undertake the work from the other end, why is it not begun?

Work for thousands, fresh links with a friendly country, easy travel, speedier transit for commerce—what blocks the way?

Merely the usual crowd of brass-hats who see invasion staring us in the face and who still talk of "conquering" and "over-running," as though this was 1066 and not 1929.

Little things like the Locarno Treaty and the Kellogg Pact leave them quite unmoved. If they think of them at all, they probably imagine they are a new kind of cocktail!

Surely it is time we told these gentlemen to wake up—or go to sleep evermore?

Military objections to the tunnel are as out of date as militarism itself.

That's the worst of the brass-hats. They simply won't realise that they have been dead for years!

The Human Machine

SMILES PAY

"IF a civil word or two will make a man happy," said a French king, "he must be a wretch indeed who will not give them to him."

It is just as easy to be civil as it is to be rude. Yet one makes friends and the other enemies. Why be rude?

If you have a lighted candle and allow someone else to light his candle at yours, your candle does not lose any of its brilliance. There is more brilliance than ever.

Kind words instead of harsh ones have the same effect. They cause two smiles to grow where only one was before.

It is always a good thing to make a smile grow! Smiles get everyone much further than tears.

Besides, if you want civility you must give it. Like all the other virtues, it pays.

DOES MAYFAIR MATTER?

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. A. G. Gardiner

A CORRESPONDENT has sent me a budget of cuttings which he has culled from the "Society" gossip of the Sunday newspapers, and asks me what I think of the future of a country in which such extravagance, wantonness and frivolity are becoming the habitual relaxations of the vulgar rich.

There is not much need to dwell upon these exploits. Everybody who reads the ineffable slop that is dribbled out in the "Society" columns of the newspapers is familiar with them.

There are descriptions of aristocratic "pyjama and bottle" parties, in which every decorum is thrown to the winds, cocktail parties in which the hostess, Lady So-and-so, appears in tights and does a tight-rope-walking stunt across the drawing-room, parties in which the guests turn up clothed in the skins of wild animals and disport themselves on all fours as bears, baboons and walruses. And so on.

The chief impression I get from these desolating records is that of the utter brainlessness of the simpletons who solemnly devise and carry out these laborious imbecilities. Some of them, no doubt, believe that they really are "dogs" and are "going it" at no end of a pace. They feel as brave and audacious as naughty little boys feel when they put their thumbs to their noses and extend their fingers at their betters.

Short cut to notoriety

Most of them do it merely as a short cut to notoriety. If there were no "Society" babblers to write of their ridiculous capers in the newspapers, there would be no capers to write up.

It is the appetite of the newspapers for this kind of hog-wash that makes Lady Dotty Battledore a celebrity, and so long as she and her type get talked about in the newspapers they do not care what sort of fools they make of themselves.

I agree with my correspondent that all this vulgarity of the riff-raff rich is infinitely mischievous. Even more mischievous than these lumbering and squalid "amusements" is the deluge of pictures in some of the weekly illustrated papers of the occupations of "Society"—a ceaseless stream of photographs, and the same little nest of idlers, now at Cannes, now at the Hunt Ball, now shooting on the moors, now gambling at Deauville, now hunting the tame deer; all the Lady Dottys and the Honourable Dottys sprawling over the pages, on the beach, on the race-course, in the casino, in every attitude of mindless idleness, and empty luxury.

Fatuous "exhibits"

You may read these banal publications, with the infantile babblings of the journalistic hangers-on of this silly world, from year's end to year's end, without discovering that there is anything more important in the life of these people than the cut and colour of a bathing-dress or the latest folly of extravagance.

Whom they are designed to please, apart from the fatuous "exhibits" themselves, I have never discovered. But if I were interested in the spread of Communism, I should not bother to subsidise secret agencies. I should spend my money in one form of propaganda alone.

I should see that these self exposures of the vulgar rich were spread broadcast among the people, especially in South Wales and Durham, and on the Tyneside, where the struggle for bare existence is bitterest and where the resentment at this empty ostentation would produce its richest harvest of revolt.

Just imagine the moral effect of a copy of the weekly *Gossiper* or *Lounger* dropping into the starving homes of Spennymoor or Tonypandy, and we can imagine the passionate social discontent that would be evoked by it.

It will be apparent to my correspondent from all this that if I do not share his view that the future of the country is in peril, it is not because I do not share his wholesome disgust at the riff-raff rich and their toadies in the Press. This is not a new evil as he seems to think. It is a very old evil. What is new about it is the exposure.

Unintentional service

We may feel contempt for the type of journalism that battens upon these inanities for its own profit, but we cannot deny that it serves a social purpose, without intending to do so.

In other days the newspapers took their job seriously. They were foolishly occupied with things that mattered. They did not know that what the public really wanted was a weekly sheaf of photographs of Lady Dotty in her various incarnations and a plentiful supply of "Society" bilge.

The reporter then went to report Parliament. He now loafs from one restaurant to another to see Lady Dottys dining and to pick up the news about the latest "pyjama and bottle" party with which to regale his readers. If I know my fellow-craftsmen, I think that they are ashamed of playing the part of flunkeys to the utmost worthless parasites of the community.

But however degrading to themselves, their work is not useless. Sunlight is now known to be the most valuable prophylactic for the physical body. It is no less valuable for the social body. I can imagine no more effective cleanser of the Lady Dotty world than that searchlight of publicity in which the absurd creature is so eager to disport herself.

What really matters

The reason I do not agree with the gloomy view of my correspondent is that, owing to this publicity, he over-estimates the significance of the evil. The fact that we know so much more about the wastrel element in Society than we used to know does not mean that that element is more formidable than it used to be.

It is formidable enough, and we have particular reason at this time to know, for example, how poisonous an institution the night-club life of London has become.

But it is a mistake to suppose that because social wastrelism is coming more into the limelight therefore it is a new sort of disease. It is as old as Society. The Rome of Juvenal was a cesspool compared with which London to-day is a moral Paradise.

And if, with the aid of Mr. Wells' "Time Machine," we could be switched back to the London of Charles II. we should be aghast at what were the commonplaces of life in those days.

Relatively speaking, the current of the general life of the English people is cleaner and more wholesome to-day than it has ever been, and the escapades of the vulgar rich count for less than they have ever done.

The future of this country is not to be descried in the doings of the vacuous idlers whose portraits fill the pages of the *Gossiper* and whose imbecilities are the stock-in-trade of the "Society" journalist. The future of this country is with the forty millions of ordinary people whose portraits never appear anywhere. If they are sound, the future is safe, and we need not worry about the antics of the riff-raff rich.

CONFIDENCE

by CHARLES HAWKINS

IN these days of ever-increasing police vigilance it is popularly supposed that dishonest trading is rapidly declining in all branches of industry simply because the would-be cheat finds crooked methods of making money far too dangerous to be worth his while.

Mr. Charles Hawkins, Chairman of the Textile Trades Association for the Prevention of Fraudulent Trading

But there are still many clever scoundrels hard at work, whose subtle frauds not only go unpunished, but are so cleverly contrived that they even remain unnoticed by all save those against whose well-being they are immediately aimed.

And, unfortunately, when individuals have lost money through fraud and the criminal has perhaps disappeared, they too often feel that to take steps to recoup their loss is merely to throw good money after bad.

Not long ago, an apparently well-established trader called upon a certain firm with a view to obtaining goods on credit. In support of his application, he produced two or three glowing references attesting his reliability and honesty.

It was ascertained that the references were from firms which were conducted by the very man who was seeking credit, who thus fraudulently recommended himself as a reliable customer.

In the minds of many a small business man, anxious to develop trade, the evils of long credit to comparatively unknown customers are mitigated by the thoughts of the profit accruing to the big future contracts cunningly suggested.

AN instance of this cunning occurred recently when a company in the north of England succeeded in winning the confidence of some twenty-five well-established firms by falsely stating that it was the approved agent of a certain Colonial Government. Luckily, investigations set afoot revealed the deceit.

The enquiries were the work of the Textile Trades Association, and had the matter not been taken up by this central body, the chances

THE GNAWING SPECTRE

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

THE Old Year passed out in a perfect tornado of charity. The country is at last thoroughly awakened to the fact that something tragic and unbelievably terrible s happened in the coalfields.

The appeal which the Prince of Wales broadst on Christmas Day, eloquent and understanding it was, could give only the barest glimpses of e catastrophe.

By chance, as the Prince was speaking, I d in my hand a Report from the Society of iends whose quiet work of relieving distress in e coalfields has been going on for months.

"'Malnutrition,'" they say, "is the medical ord on the children's cards. Perhaps if it were lled 'starvation' it would better describe the dergrown children with their little sticks of ms and legs."

"Starvation" is a stark word—but that is at is behind the tragedy of the coalfields.

Let me draw you a few pictures to try and you see what conditions are really like. In ook, a small town in County Durham, there are 00 men and 1,500 boys and women signing the gister at the employment exchange.

In Spennymoor, nearby, with a population of ,000, half the people are out of work and with prospects of any sort. They are ill-fed, ill-d and without hope. They are in need of erything.

llapsed from nger

The other Sunday a Salvation Army officer ended a meeting of miners and learnt that ne of his comrades had not eaten anything all y. He went to one home and out of his own cket provided a dinner for the man and his wife. ey were starving—literally starving.

Recently a 'bus-driver returning from work ar Newcastle saw a man clinging to the railings the roadside.

He stopped and asked him if he were ill. He s. He was too ill to reply.

The driver searched the man's pockets and nd his address. He took him home and obtained medical assistance, when it was found that the man had collapsed from sheer hunger.

And get this right into your heads—*no man ever yet collapsed from hunger who had had a square meal within forty-eight hours.*

Look at the Welsh valleys—whole areas are becoming derelict. Shops are closing, shopkeepers are hopelessly in debt, and even public bodies are unable to collect their rates.

Recently a mother of two unmarried sons drowned herself in her despair. Her boys were unemployed, they were put off the "dole," there was no relief, no work, no hope.

Too-ugly word

Here is a young woman expecting a baby. Her husband has been out of work for years. He is hopelessly in arrears with his contributions to the National Health Insurance and there is no maternity benefit forthcoming. There are two children and they go to school without enough food, without enough clothes, and with boots that are mostly holes.

In the Rhondda it is a tragically common thing for a man, his wife and two children to be living on 13s. a week, with a pint of milk each day for the baby.

It does not matter very much whether the man is working or not. In either case his money is pretty much the same.

There are a million souls in these stricken wastes faced with starvation.

Wedding-rings have gone for food. The few sticks of furniture have gone for rent. The staple food of the children is bread and margarine.

"Malnutrition!" Don't be misled by high-sounding words! "Malnutrition" is starvation—the sort of starvation that makes you tighten your belt and feel you must hit somebody.

And in the schools throughout the mining districts the teachers say the children are too underfed to do their lessons.

There they are, rows of pinched faces, their shoes in holes, their clothes in rags—starving.

Well, the beleaguered villages have been relieved for a while—but only for a while. *Charity does not alter conditions.*

Must there be continual streams of charity to save human lives in England or will a little glimmer of sense develop in time to prevent such disasters in future?

Will charity give way to justice at last?

Will it ever dawn on people like the Duke of Northumberland that his unearned royalties on the coal that is hewn with blood and sweat and even death are among the first causes of the despair?

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales

Tainted revenue

Will it ever be possible to persuade the Commissioners of the Church that their £100,000 of tribute from coal is sweated from the miner before he can provide his children with bread?

Can they not imagine what the Founder of their faith would have said and done had He watched them grabbing this tainted revenue with the full knowledge that starvation and death are the inevitable consequences of its exaction?

I have before me as I write a copy of JOHN BULL. It is dated August 26, 1922—*six years ago.* Let me quote you something from its pages:

"The miners, the miners' wives and their children's hearts are broken, broken by starvation—the greatest disease possible.

"The miner's wife, thin and pale through self-denial, walks steadily towards her home. She has been to town with the marvellous sum of 2s. in the form of a 'ticket for groceries' from the local Relief Committee.

"No ride home on the cars for her. She whispers. What? 'I won't ride home—I know I'm tired but—twopence will buy Jack some cigarettes——.'

"'Jack,' she says when she gets home, 'I've got a little cheese and some bacon. You can get a few broad beans off to-morrow, we'll have them with the bacon. The cheese'll do for supper.'

Charity or justice?

"'Got a few sucks (toffee) for the nipper?' asks Jack. Sadly she shakes her head as she hands him the cigarettes.

"Jack turns—tears stand in his eyes, but—in his heart—he curses."

Six years ago that was written. It is to our eternal shame that that *to-day* is still a true picture of what is happening. Do you blush? I do.

Why cannot we see that though charity can accomplish much justice can accomplish more?

We have only to insist that social justice is enthroned in law and miners and any others who are willing to work will be able to dispense with the bitter help of charity.

Let us make a real effort this year to see that Westminster wakes up and gives the country a square deal.

TRICKSTERS of TRADE

e that not only would the tricksters have caped with their ill-gotten gains, but no steps ould have been taken to bring them to book.

Even more cunning was the deceit of a firm of reek merchants who recently opened promises in ondon. These scoundrels had gone to much ouble to lay a sound foundation for their pre-editated frauds by trading in an entirely satis-ctory manner with this country from abroad.

The result was that when the London office as opened large credits were granted on the rength of references supplied by first-class uses in this country whose experience of the reign branch had been uniformly good. Within ree months of opening, the concern was closed wn and large accounts left unpaid.

A SCAMP with an eminently unsatisfactory record realised that it would be futile for him attempt to secure fresh credit on his own account. e therefore went to great pains in approaching a ader of long standing and excellent repute.

Having secured his new friend's confidence, he proceeded gradually to suggest doubtful methods of increasing business and securing quick profits. His victim had been selected expressly on account of business misfortunes of recent years.

On the strength of his hardly earned reputation for honesty, the new convert to fraud secured large quantities of goods on long credit, while his partner kept well in the background. The goods were then put on the market at far below cost price, and sales were immediate.

SOME idea of the loss inflicted dishonestly upon the business man generally, during the course of a single year, may be gained by a study of the report of the association whose task it is to put down fraudulent trading in the textile trades.

During the past year no fewer than 688 cases of a suspicious nature were brought forward for investigation, and of these sixty-five were found to be specific cases of calculated fraud.

Co-operation is essential if the dishonest element in business is to be dealt with effectively.

Without some central organisation whose business it is to secure information and ensure its presentation to the proper authorities many a now flourishing fraudulent trader will continue to "get away" with his graft.

One hand, John *please*

It's not that young John doesn't know how to behave at table . . . he's just like any other healthy boy when the Currant Bread is being passed to him. Wants to help himself with both hands, bless him. And no wonder! Currant Bread is as health-giving as it is delicious. And that is why you should make sure it contains *real* Currants.

Make CURRANT BREAD *your daily bread*

CENTRAL CURRANT OFFICE (LONDON) ADVT. DEPT. NEW BRIDGE STREET, E.C.4.

"The Greatest of These—"

(*Continued from page 30*)

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Mr. P. W. Allum, J. Porteous, A Herefordshire Widow, Mrs. Ruddock, L. S. (Bulwell), Miss Ross (Blackpool), S. T. (Taunton), F. M. Johnson (Whitstable), Mrs. M. A. Whitfield (Reading), K. Bedford, W. J. Chorley (Minehead), Miss Miller (Forest Hill), A Sympathiser, Mrs. W. Kirk (Perth), Mrs. Bayley (Cornwall), Miss Ross (Hull), E. H. (Sudbury), Mrs. K. S. Ansell (Chelmsford), F. L. Marks (tintoil), Anon. (crib and baby chair), Mrs. L. Rees, Mrs. W. Steare, Mrs. B. J. French, Mr. Seyer (Balham), S. W. L. (Tooting), Joan and Alice Marriott, Anon., Baptists, Mrs. A. A. (Essex), Mrs. Roper, S. Bristow (Dartford), Widowed, Mrs. Morbey (Bedford), Air Insurance Man and his Wife, I. E. B. (Gillingham), Mr. Gallar-Hatchard, J. E. Winter (Buckne.l), L. Hill (Birmingham), Mr. A. Aling (Bedhill), Soanes (Reigate), Mother of Ten, Mrs. K. Ansell (Herne Hill), Bulleteer, Mrs. Lilian Whitlow, A. Thomson Mrs. Henshaw (Frodsham), K. Chisett, Mrs. Clark, Never Wanted, Mrs. Thussier, L. V. (Surbiton), Maud M. Appleton, I. M. (Cornwall), E. Stewart (Eastleigh), Mrs. A. Davis, K. E., Working Man's Wife, V. M. L. (Sevenoaks), Mrs. M. Hooke (Chichester), Remembrances, Targets Only, M., Mrs. A. Humphrey, E. V. C., Mrs. F. Shaul, Anon., Soanes (Reigate), E. Baker (Mansfield), Mrs. H. Kent, Mrs. Sarah Bamford, L. E. B., A Southall Reader, Southport Reader, E. T. (York), A, Nicholls (W. Drayton), A Reader of *John Bull*, A Mother, C. A. Slack, Mrs. Gammon (Margate), A. M. Arnold (In Remembrance), Mrs. Waldron, Baby Eileen Gale, Miss Joan Lee, Working Man's Wife, Humble (Bromsgrove), Nameless, Mrs. J. H. Beardow, S. E. Buggins, Mrs. Langdon, White-faced (Hereford), Reader, E. T. Glass, A Mother from Oldham, Mrs. Hopkins (Waterlooville), 42, Garrick Road, Northampton, C. J. D., A Mother of Six (Landford), A Friend at Ashtead, Mrs. E. Brindley (Cambridge), Mrs. E. Broomhead, A Well Wisher (Knowle), J. E. W. (Lewisham), A Change, A. C. (Crouch End), C. J. D., M. A. S. (Watford), E. M. V. (Eastleigh), Maud Baldwin, Mary W. Bush, M. Burton (Greenford), Tots, A. H. L., Mrs. Langdon, "Money Has Wings," Mr. Jacobs (Brockley), C. F. Tilbury), L. Hammond (Horningsea), S. J. Tiberham, M. S., M. Young (Walworth), A. Robinson (Amesbury), Miss May, Mrs. Boe, Memory of Joan, C. Cary, Stonehouse, Miss Eva Wright, Submerger, Latchingdon, Mrs. E. Major, E. W. Jersey, H. Jack (Dorset), Mrs. Thompson (Droxford), W. T. Newman (Oxted), K. and E. H., Anon., Friend from Holyhead, Anon. (Falmouth), F. E. W. (Northfleet), Little Alfy, Sympathy (Manchester), Margaret, Sympathisers (Merton), S. H. S., Lorna, A Mother of Five (Romford), H. Markham, Mrs. Davies (Pentardulais), Gladys Read, A. L. Orman, Anon. (Catford), E. J. Dyer, Mrs. E. Willis, Miss S. D. Newson, G. Swift, Arthur Yates, Inasmuch, B. Thomson, Mrs. Minter, Mrs. G. Harvey (Taunton), S. Smith (St. Mawes), Mrs. L. G. Domoney, Miss G. Sturdy, Mrs. Lodge, E. Harradon, J. M. Wigney (Toys), Raymond Lynes, Nelson Rd. (Whitton), H. A. K. D., Mrs. L. C. Burns (Edgware), Mr. Halcrow (Lerwick), Anon., An Ex-Serviceman, Mr. G. Butters, Wellwisher, M. Pearce (Uxbridge), Percy H. Brooks, Mrs. Mossop, Mrs. Hancock, Mrs. W. Green (Oxford), Mrs. W. Harrogate), A Working Woman, Mrs. M. Ransom, E. Morritt, Pip's Mother (Exmouth), F. E. (Overton), 15, King's Rd., Uxbridge, Widowed, C. Cary (Som.), V. S. (Old Age Pensioner).

(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

STAMPING ON HUMAN HEARTS

You Can't Go To Heaven!

by BRYN ROBERTS

THERE is a little rubber stamp they have in employment exchanges. They stamp papers with it. They also stamp human hearts with it. It has driven men to despair. It may also have driven them to suicide. It has certainly driven them to a bitter hatred of the red-tape robots who use it.

"Not genuinely seeking work"—that is the message of the little rubber stamp. Not a nice message; more often than not not a true message; always a cruel message to the men who are down and out.

Why don't they have another little stamp with the words, "You're a liar," on it? For what else do they mean?

All over the country there are genuine unemployed men who are eager for work, who have searched for work, and yet who have had their unemployment benefit stopped by this automatic misery-maker.

Mr. Bryn Roberts is the agent and secretary of the Rhymney Valley District of the South Wales Miners' Federation. He is in Daily contact with the poignant tragedy of unemployment in the stricken area

The last straw

I invite the Ministry of Labour to define exactly what is meant by the following clause in the Unemployment Insurance Acts (1920 to 1927), one of the clauses governing the grant of unemployment benefit:

"That he (meaning of course, the man who wants work, but cannot find any) is genuinely seeking work, but unable to obtain suitable employment." Perhaps Sir Arthur Steel-Maitland will oblige.

I ask because it is becoming increasingly evident that local officials, committees and the courts of referees all appear to have varied and individual methods of deciding what constitutes "genuinely seeking work."

Many have been guilty of gross unfairness that has resulted in terrible hardships.

Men who have tramped miles after prospective jobs, spent their last few coppers on stamps to reply to advertisements and pawned their belongings to pay rail fares, have been told bluntly that they have not been trying and have had their benefits stopped.

Many who live far removed from the mining areas are of the erroneous belief that all unemployed miners are assured of unemployment benefit.

Weeping wives

The truth is that the miner is not so easily accommodated. To draw benefit he has to conform to a multiplicity of rules and regulations; he lives in a daily torment of fear, dreading that when next he visits the exchange he will be told that his benefit has ceased.

His wife weeps when he sets out to discover his fate, and often she has greater cause to weep when he returns.

But the greatest dread of all is a court of referees which reviews the unemployed miner's claim after thirteen weeks. He is rigidly, often stupidly, cross-examined as to whether or not he has been seeking work.

He is asked if he has been to the collieries in the valley adjoining his own, and, if he says that he has, but there is no work there, he would probably be granted an extension of benefit.

But if he were to reply that he had not been to the adjoining valley because he knew there were no jobs there, he would be disallowed further benefit on the grounds that he is "not genuinely seeking work."

Daily inquisitions

They like to know, these robots, that the miner, ill-shod, badly clothed, probably hungry, has done his proper route-march!

The poor fools appear not to realise that news of work spreads like news of battle in these parts and the trail of '98 would be an afternoon's stroll compared with the rush there would be if the work were to be found.

In my district we have 5,000 miners unemployed. In the adjoining districts there are thousands more, making a total for the South Wales area of 70,000.

In spite of this hopeless state of affairs, the courts of referees hold daily inquisitions in order to ensure that the unemployed miners shall uselessly wear out their all-too-precious boot-leather by tramping long, weary miles in quest of that elusive goal—work that isn't!

The unemployed man is asked why he has not been to Dowlais, Merthyr, Ebbw Vale, Tredegar, Bedwas, Aberdare, Newport, Cardiff, and intermediate places.

Should he reply, as is a fact, that there are more unemployed in these areas than in his own area, this expression of truth and frankness would most probably result in his losing any further benefit.

There is a saying in the coal-fields that you cannot draw the "dole" and go to heaven. That is because the men are forced to tell lies.

A worse hell

But it is better to tell lies and not "go to heaven" than tell the truth and go to a worse hell than the coal-fields are even on the "dole"!

Of course, a court of referees is not easily satisfied. It is often necessary for a man who has tramped miles in search of a job to describe how he got there, when he got there and who he saw there.

Maybe on his weary route-march he is unobservant. His word is doubted and his benefit ended. The dread sentence is passed, "Not genuinely seeking work."

The courts of referees provide jobs for well-paid officials, but have not yet found a job for a single Welsh miner. What we need are courts of co-operation, not courts of inquisition.

The function of the courts of referees should be converted to that of finding work for these poor souls. Benefit should not be withheld from any genuine unemployed man and should only be refused when he has been offered a job and has rejected it.

To refuse benefit to men who are willing to work anywhere in the country is a crime.

That little rubber stamp ought to say "*Genuinely unable to get work*," not "Not genuinely seeking work."

Do you know what becomes of those who lose their benefits? I will tell you. There is a growing army of them. Their position and condition are indescribable.

Utterly exhausted, all hope gone, their clothes threadbare, their boots bottomless, they are reduced to beggars. No, they are worse than beggars, for they have not even the spirit left to beg. It is the same with their families.

What will it profit the nation to save pounds, shillings and pence and lose its soul? For soul-destroying it is to destroy the souls of others.

Fling away that stamp!

What has the nation gained through these courts of referees reducing to beggars these men possessing all the skill of their calling, among whom are to be found heroes of every battle of the war?

The drums of war beat to the tune of millions a day. Surely the faint heart-beats of a stricken people warrant the spending of comparatively paltry sums.

If you cannot give these men work, at least depose the red-tape robots and give them the means to live. Fling away that little rubber stamp!

THURSDAY, January 31st.
WATCH THIS DATE!

Poignant Tale of a RUINED PARSON

A Rector in Weaver's Web

A MOVING appeal for funds has just been made by the Rev. T. Whitton, of Langenhoe Rectory, near Colchester.

But, poignant as his letter is, it nly reveals a small part of the real agedy which lurks in the back-ound.

The facts as simply set forth by the ev. Mr. Whitton are as follows:

The greater part of his parish, nsisting of some 1,400 acres, was ught by a syndicate that was to ve produced cheap electricity from e tides.

But the scheme has come to thing and for five years some the best wheatland has been left cultivated.

Then, in January last, an abnormal e broke the sea wall and some 0 acres of good grazing land s flooded. Repairs would cost out £2,000 and the syndicate ntioned above has paid no tithe ce October 1, 1926.

Complicated position

The rector's position is complicated the fact that, believing the income m tithe to be perfectly secure, he de himself responsible some time for the debt on a new church hall chapel.

I cannot leave this parish for ther so long as this debt remains," writes.

Our fullest sympathies go out to this erend gentleman, and when we e taken our readers behind the nes, we feel sure that they will be ually moved.

For the tragedy behind this Essex lage is a glaring example of the -reaching evil that can be wrought wild-cat schemes in undoing the od work of generations.

And the man responsible in this tance is none other than Leonard aver, who was exposed by us only ew weeks ago in connection with other ambitious undertaking to ness the tides of the Wash at nstanton.

That our warning was a timely e will be appreciated when we ve given a few details of the havoc ought by Weaver in his former eme at West Mersea, Essex.

Three or four years ago the parish Langenhoe, near Colchester, was abited by a thriving agricultural mmunity, the land and property re being at that time owned by a ming company of which the late ptain Lowenstein was then a ncipal.

Ridiculous prices

In the summer of 1924, Weaver peared as an arresting personality the district.

He was often to be seen exploring surveying around the marshes, eventually he persuaded farmers sell him options on their land at ch ridiculous prices as 1s. or so an re.

At this time the Rev. Mr. Whitton s negotiating the sale of his rectory order that he might reside near his parishioners. Its value, together with the lands pertaining to it, was in the region of several thousand pounds.

Impressed by the earnestness and apparent honesty of the plausible Mr. Weaver, he retained possession of his property in the belief that its value would be greatly enhanced when the scheme for harnessing the tides was carried into effect.

So successful was Weaver in his efforts to inspire enthusiasm in his schemes to utilise the abnormal rise and fall of the tides on the nearby coast, that he was able to arrange the

Leonard W. Weaver, whose "fortune-making" ventures have brought ruin to many

purchase of 1,400 acres in the summer of 1924, when a company was registered at Somerset House.

This was known as the Weaver Power Syndicate, Ltd., the nominal capital being £30,000. Its avowed objects were to carry on the business of electrical generators and storers of electricity.

Displaced workers

The statement made in lieu of a prospectus shows that it was proposed to enter into a contract for the purchase of certain patent rights and interests from Weaver.

The property purchased included two or three farms, from the land surrounding which were produced crops of wheat such as were hardly equalled in the country.

The total income of the Rev. Mr. Whitton was derived in tithes from this.

Soon after the formation of the syndicate, Weaver received 50,000 2s. shares. This was a part payment of the purchase-price of the interests he had obtained in the locality, which he contended would be made the largest power-producing project in the country.

The property changed hands for £37,000 odd.

The immediate effect of this transfer was that farm-workers were no longer needed. Being displaced from their work, they were unemployed for some months, waiting in vain to be re-engaged by the syndicate.

Langenhoe Hall, once one of the most prosperous farms in the district, was vacated, as was Guisnes Court, another farm that had been the headquarters of the farming company already referred to.

Desolation and decay

The years have passed in succession without anything being done in the way of introducing a method by which tidal power may be converted into electrical energy.

Not less than twenty men and their families, who once subsisted on the land, have moved from the village to seek work elsewhere, and their cottages are fast crumbling into decay.

The once-prosperous farm-buildings are now dilapidated and deserted and desolation is apparent on every hand.

In a letter to the Rev. Mr. Whitton a month or so ago, Weaver showed no contrition regarding the havoc wrought by his wild-cat scheme.

"Money is not everything," he wrote loftily, and then quoted the lines, "Something attempted, something done, has earned a night's repose," as if to suggest that he had blessed the world with his presence!

The truth is that he is anything but the financial genius he would have his dupes believe.

But he certainly has the gift of being able to talk convincingly about any project he may have in hand.

He has dabbled in everything, having been a shoe-repairer, an evangelist preacher, "teaching people to tell the truth," a fruit-farmer, a railway constructor in America, a soap-maker, a manufacturer of a petrol substitute and many things besides.

Impudent launching

On at least three occasions he has appeared in the Bankruptcy Court as a result of his ventures in the sphere of limited liability companies.

This, then, is the man who originated the scheme which has laid 1,400 acres of good land waste and brought ruin to so many farmers.

The Rev. Mr. Whitton has at last managed to sell his rectory for a sum that is less than one-fifth of what he could have obtained had he not listened to Weaver.

Surely it is a shameful thing that he and others should be left to battle in this way, while Weaver, who is an undischarged bankrupt, not only rides lightly away, but impudently launches further schemes of a similar nature?

Record Score—700 Not Out! All the record scores are not made in Australia, for "Bullets" has just reached 700 not out. Page 35 will show you how to score £700 for a "Bullet."

There is no companionship quite like that of the friendly Manikin—Absolutely the best smoke value obtainable—Care and trouble vanish every time you light one.

Don't miss this real treat any longer—(10d. buys five)—Buy a packet now.

The secret of Manikin Goodness at Manikin Price is just this—They are rolled from the delicate Tip Leaves, too small for the large cigar, yet actually the sweetest smoke of all.

MANIKIN
CIGARS
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

Dress Well at Half Usual Cost

THIS
Popular-priced
Velveteen
FROCK
FOR
2/-
WITH ORDER.

In a recent article in the Press, Lady Duff Gordon, an acknowledged Fashion authority, said that Velvet and Velveteen (especially in Black) would be the vogue now and her prophecy has proved correct.

Having anticipated Fashion's decree, I am able to offer this delightful Frock in hard-wearing fast-pile Velveteen at the very attractive price of 16/11 only.

The design is copied from a Paris Model, the bodice being smartly braided and the Eton collar and sleeves also are braid edged. The Skirt is gathered at hips and Belt has stitched edge.

I will send the frock at once, on approval, for deposit of 2/-, and balance of price may be paid by weekly instalments, if preferred. Don't hesitate—take advantage of this wonderful opportunity by posting Coupon NOW.

LENGTHS: 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches. Also out-size in lengths 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches—3/- extra.

COLOURS: Black, Navy, Bottle Green, Saxe, Nigger, Ruby, Palm, or Fawn.

F.120 BARGAIN COUPON

Please send me on approval Frock No. F.120 at present bargain price of 16/11.

Length.....

Colour.....
If out-size required, please state O.S.

I enclose 2/- Deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/6 or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock at once, you will refund my Deposit. Enclose Coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus: / /.

JOHN BULL, 5/1/29. No. 509.

Post Order to—
Ambrose Wilson, Ltd., 509, Ambron House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.

It's in your own hands

to have the best possible cigarette at the price of a gasper."

ROLL YOUR OWN THE "A. G." WAY

You'll get a more enjoyable smoke and save money on every cigarette—but always roll with

AG CIGARETTE PAPERS
The *BEST* the world produces

The Sentence of the Court

VIVE LE MAJAH!

Mightier than the Sword

DRAWING his hunting-crop from its scabbard, Major Godfrey Heseltine rushed towards the dock as though leading an attack on the rum dump, and answered a charge of offensive behaviour with a full-throated yell of "Vive le sport!"

"The war-cry we have just heard," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is a favourite with the gallant major. It figured in a philippic with which he favoured the *Rugby Advertiser*, and which swelled to an organ-mouthed conclusion with the words: 'Live and let live! Vive le sport! and to blazes with the Anti-Blood Sport League and their Empire-wrecking adherents!'

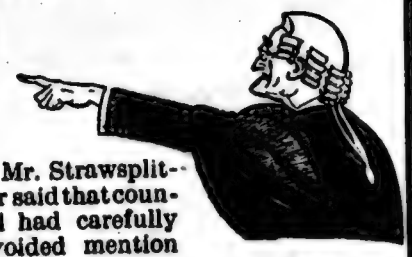
"But Godfrey's pious belief in 'Live and let live' not only does not extend to foxes. He would not even apply it to what he politely calls 'the anti-blood sport lunatics,' who 'would put an end to any sport in which, from physical, mental or financial reasons, they are unable to take part themselves.'

"Especially is he down on those prevented by financial reasons' (combined possibly with a small helping of common or garden decency) from wallowing in a pastime which, he assures us, educates its votaries in 'the best principles of war.'

"He simply can't imagine where we would have got cavalry and horse artillery to help along Armageddon, if it had not been for fox-hunting. From which it would seem that the war was won, not on those jolly playing-fields of Eton, but in the hunting counties—quite a number of riders to hounds having helped to win it without ever leaving the said counties.

"But the problem of how to produce cavalry without slaughtering foxes is only one of several things this muddled Napoleon cannot understand, for he mentions also: 'I can never understand why farmers bred in the mountains of Scotland or Wales want to take farms in hunting countries.'

"It is just possible that the reason may be that they want to farm. But the Majah will have none of such nonsense. 'If they do not like hunting,' says he, in the forthright manner (not to be confused with 'manners') which has made our majahs what they undoubtedly are, 'why not stay on their mountain tops?'"



Mr. Strawsplitter said that counsel had carefully avoided mention of the economic aspect of this subject. If hunting were forbidden here, "where," asked Major Heseltine, "will the rich man spend his money?" The major himself supplied the answer. "It would be circulated among foreigners to help them to pay taxes wherewith they can whack us in the next war."

* * *

"There may be some subtle connection between the murder of foxes and the winning of wars," said Mr. Justice Bull, "but this disciple of gore and roar has not made it clear. It might be clearer if, instead of spluttering about cavalry and artillery, he would show us that hunting is essential to improve the breed of tanks and bombing planes.

"As it is, his muddled meanderings merely show that a person can attain his 'Majority' without cutting his wisdom tooth. So I must direct that he abstain from further hard labour with his jaw until this necessary operation has been accomplished."

HERE'S TO YOU!

Something Like a Resolution

HERE is the best and most practical New Year's resolution for 1929: Register without delay as a regular reader of JOHN BULL.

This is no difficult resolution to fulfil. Turn to pages 4 and 5, fill in the printed forms which you will find there, deal with them according to the simple instructions, and you have completed your part.

In return, JOHN BULL makes you a free gift of the most generous and comprehensive home insurance ever offered by a newspaper to its subscribers.

True security

Safeguarded by JOHN BULL you can feel the true security of knowing that the worst ills that can befall your home are adequately protected against, that you have discharged your responsibility on this score towards your family or dependants.

The full value of the protection JOHN BULL offers can only be gauged by a comparison with a commercial policy covering identical risks. This would cost at least twenty-five shillings a year if applied for through an insurance company in the normal routine of business.

This means, of course, that JOHN BULL is offering you a gift worth twenty-five shillings without making any charge whatever.

Since JOHN BULL first decided to inaugurate this great scheme, more than 37,000 cheques have been paid as benefits to regular readers.

During the past year, 1928, this insurance gift has been put to the test as never before in its history. Fires have blazed all over the country in a manner unparalleled in recent years. In city and hamlet alike thousands of happy homes have been sadly damaged.

Saved from the ruins

Timely cheques from JOHN BULL have put new heart into families who have lost their all in such tragedies, and have helped them to build new homes out of the ruins.

Tempests and floods of exceptional violence have marked 1928. In thousands of homes water and wind have wreaked their havoc.

Those protected by JOHN BULL have been comforted in the midst of such desolation by the substantial financial aid which assisted them to replace these possessions which the elements had destroyed.

Sickness has brought anxiety, not only to Buckingham Palace, but to the homes of many of our readers. JOHN BULL cheques have paid doctors' bills, enabled medical necessaries to be purchased, and so have literally snatched men from the jaws of death.

Accidents at home have also deprived many families of their bread-winner's weekly pay-envelope. Once again JOHN BULL has saved the situation and prevented the shadow of want from darkening many a household.

If you are already registered as a reader of JOHN BULL, you automatically qualify for all the benefits offered for 1929. Even if you are already covered by any daily newspaper insurance scheme, remember JOHN BULL offers you extra benefits and extra security at the price of twopence a week, while your daily newspaper costs you sixpence a week.

Justified claim

"JOHN BULL to the rescue!" Time and again this ringing phrase has appeared in the pages of this paper, for JOHN BULL is the champion of all who need justice, help and consolation.

But in no way has this claim been more abundantly justified than by the solid results of the Free Insurance Gift.

Make quite sure that during 1929 you can call JOHN BULL to the rescue should any of a hundred-and-one possible disasters overtake you.

Can you read this Mystery Notice?

****e ***l b* a
e ****r***
i* o** *s***

on sale THURSDAY, January 31st.

Words Winged to Women

WOMEN WHO STEAL HUSBANDS

by MABEL HORNER

Shallow Souls and Empty Minds

HAS modern freedom made women less honourable than they were? This question is worth considering. There is a crying out among the younger women for what they term "self-expression." Some people might call it more simply selfishness, ut let me explain.

The freedom-loving ones are not content to wait for the good things of life. Least of all are they prepared to earn them by quiet years of patient working.

When what they want is within reach, whether it can be honourably obtained or not, they simply take it, regardless of whatever suffering to other people may be entailed.

This attitude towards life may be apparent in the choice of a career; it may show itself in the neglect of aged parents where a girl leaves home at most inconvenient moments to start what she calls "a bachelor like on her own."

It may exhibit itself in a lofty disregard of all family relationship. It may take a woman out into the world to plough a lonely furrow and despise altogether marriage and motherhood, which are, after all, the natural destinies of most normal women.

Mabel Horner

Snatching at love

But these manifestations are innocence itself compared with the evil that is brought when the craver of freedom snatches at love, whether the love that she wants is legitimate or not. Take the case of the husband-stealers.

There are any number of girls who actually seem to prefer the attentions of a married man to the shy courtship of youths of their own age.

A married man is more sophisticated. He has learned by experience what women like, and he has more money in his pocket to spend than a callow youth.

The suffering inflicted upon the injured wives by this state of affairs is greater than any pen can describe. Usually the more infatuated a husband becomes by a young and care-free girl the worse he begins to treat his lawful wife.

"I really do not know what to do," says one woman. "My husband is leading me such a dreadful life. He stops out late, even all night sometimes, and I know he is with this young woman. If I venture to remonstrate he calls me dreadful names and suggests that I should go.

"Yet where can I go? He married me when I was young and pretty; I have lived with him for fifteen years, borne his children, and in times of hardship have gone without food and clothes myself in order that my children should have sufficient. This sort of life does not enhance a woman's beauty.

"When all her care is for the younger generation she cannot even dress herself as attractively as she would like. I was pretty enough when my husband married me, but I am now only too sadly conscious that I have lost my looks.

"My father and mother are dead, and so I have no home but this that I try to keep together for the sake of my children; but I feel it is very hard indeed to be neglected for a younger woman who is able to spend a large part of what she earns on dressing fashionably and keeping her looks."

A similar case is that of a woman whose husband, having become enamoured of a girl, is now trying to disgust his wife into leaving him.

Vanity flattered

"He flies into tempers whenever I need money," she says. "He declares that I earn nothing and should be content to spend nothing. When I made a little birthday party for my two children his temper and noise kept the whole house unpleasant for a week. Then he 'dons up' and goes out."

The inference is unavoidable. This man, having begun gadding about with a single woman, feels the ignominy of allowing her to pay all the expenses of their joint trips.

He wants his money, and, to avoid being forced to hand it over, is trying to make his wife run away.

Another wife of sixty finds her husband suddenly "cold and indifferent." She has discovered another, younger woman in the background whose attentions have "flattered his vanity."

A young woman of twenty-five is unhappy because a girl of eighteen is luring her husband away.

"How can I go with him to picture palaces at night," she cries, "with a baby at the breast? So I have to stay at home picturing those two sitting together in the darkness. I know she always wanted him."

When an injured wife summons courage to remonstrate with her rival she is laughed at. "Well, it's up to you," is the usual retort. "You had him and you couldn't keep him. So if you want him back go one better!"

Of these letters which pour into my post-bag every day from unhappy wives I have only two things to say.

Deserved fate

The first is to the husband who allows himself to be "lured away." If he cannot see a greater beauty in the lines which time and motherhood have put upon the face of his wife than in the prettiness she had as a girl, I pity him.

He deserves his ultimate fate at the hands of the husband-stealer, whose soul is as shallow as her mind is empty of true womanly nobility.

As for the husband-stealer herself, it is a pity the law does not recognise her. For in nine cases out of ten of deserted wives who bring their woes to court, it is she, more than the husband himself, who deserves punishment. In a juster world she would get it.

The TRIUMPH *of* CHARACTER

Homely Wisdom—by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE election of Mr. Hoover as President of the United States has a greater significance for British people than is universally perceived.

I do not mean that the new President is in any sense our nominee or likely to favour us more than any other nation.

Rev. Dr. Campbell

The reason why we should rejoice in his election is that it is a wonderful tribute to the man's character rather than his popular gifts.

It shows that the American electorate is sound at heart and firmly on the side of decency and order.

This is reassuring when we hear of the methods pursued at the *Vestris* enquiry in New York by that disgusting bully, Buttle, the State Attorney, whose object apparently was to insult and besmirch British seamen. He changed his tune when he found it did not pay.

When I think of Hoover I rejoice that there is another and better America than Buttle and his like represent.

I think of Hoover, the son of a blacksmith, doing the humblest jobs to pay his way through college; falling in love with a girl class-mate there, sticking to her and marrying her when they were both still young and poor: and I think of those two lovers, middle-aged now, standing hand in hand with the tears running down their faces while students from the old college serenaded them on the night of the election.

They were remembering the days of toil and struggle shared together on that same spot.

AGAIN I think of Hoover when he was asked to organise American relief work in the war-devasted areas of Europe.

He was told he would lose the chance of making a huge fortune by war-profiteering in business.

"Let business go to hell" was his reply. He is a bad speaker and never says much, but what he does say is always to the point.

And, lastly, I recall that penetrating statement of his about armaments, "When nations fight the children pay." It is a sentence we should all lay to heart.

Let us thank God that a man of this calibre will succeed President Coolidge at Washington. There will be no monkey tricks with the world's peace while he is master of America's destinies.

In any civilised community moral qualities will always count for more than anything else. They may not always carry a man to the top of the tree, but they make him a better asset to the common life than either birth or money.

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The Home Forum

YOUNG DARE-DEVILS

"Badness" or High Spirits?

Miss Prunella Stark, who, at fourteen years of age, was selected by Colonel Mayes to illustrate his lectures on physical health

THE number of letters complaining of naughty, unmanageable children that reach me is astonishing. The variations of "badness" in the human child are as numerous as the remedies some mothers propose.

There are children who cannot keep their hands from "picking and stealing." School teachers, it would appear, sometimes send such children home, telling parents that other kiddies' belongings are not safe from molestation whenever their youngsters are about.

There are sullen children, cheeky children, noisy children and others who, against their parents' wishes, stay out after dark.

There is trouble, too, with children of school-leaving age. They take to bad company and like idleness and loose ways better than industry and thrift.

And, biggest problem of all, the young girls in early teens who go night after night to picture-palaces and dance-halls in company with young men of dubious morals and against whom their parents' wishes beat in vain.

There is real despair behind the pens of the fathers and mothers who describe this state of affairs. They know only too well that worse looms in front.

The idle boy who chooses wild and loose companionship is heading straight for jail. The girl who listens to no voice of warning will likely enough land in a maternity home with an unwanted child to cloud the whole of her future life.

What, then, is to be done? A few mothers actually propose cutting their way out of the whole entanglement by getting their children into a Home with a capital H.

"Is there any institution that would take such a girl off my hands?" they ask, "for it is quite clear I can do nothing whatever with her here."

Others, waking up one day to find their untrained colt with the bit between its teeth, give the reins a sudden tightening, and taking up the whip declare that from now on they are going to thrash it into shape.

"I believe in the 'tawse,'" says one Scotswoman. "I had plenty when I was young and it did me no harm." She forgets that the roads of life are smoother to-day and that the youngster whose only training consists of being "licked into shape" may bolt for good.

Parents should take a modern and more intelligent view of their duties. Healthy children are born with a large amount of surplus energy, and it is not all used up in eating and growing or in school lessons. Some of it will certainly expend itself in "badness," usually on ly high spirits.

Parental care needs to be exercised to train and guide this surplus energy into channels that will make for happiness in later life. The moral sense in children is usually underdeveloped. It is a tiny spark that waits for fanning into flame. They are naturally acquisitive and, like a parrot or a monkey, will take anything that pleases their fancy until taught better.

The girl encouraged to join a girls' club with folk-dancing and gymnastics does not go to dance-halls with doubtful men. The boy encouraged to team work in organised sport does not become an idle drifter.

Child training is a real science. Children need proper opportunities for physical expression, for most "badness" is nothing worse than sheer animal spirits misplaced.

DON'T BUY A SKELETON

WOMEN love shopping. No one knows this better than the man with goods to sell. Catalogues, advertisements, window displays are all got up to tempt the shopping woman.

A woman's delight in shopping is seldom entirely selfish. She buys for the home or the family, and even when she buys clothes for herself it is in order that somebody else's eye may be pleased by the purchase.

The trouble is that all purses have limits. Very rich men, before now, have been compelled to advertise that they would no longer be responsible for debts incurred by their wives, while poorer men whose wives have misunderstood how far incomes will go have sometimes been brought to ruin.

The working man's wife who has to handle a small fixed sum each week is under no delusions. Her choice is not between necessities and luxuries, but between the various things the family really needs.

It is here that especial temptation comes in. It is so fatally easy to buy just a few more things than can be afforded, hoping to pay off the bills bit by bit.

It is very gradually that the burden of debt mounts up, but the moment sickness or unemployment arrives it assumes proportions of terrifying magnitude.

If a harassed wife borrows money to try and keep her debts secret from her husband she makes matters worse. No good can come of her secrecy. However debt has been incurred, husband and wife must face the situation together and, like true mates, help one another to get straight again.

For secrecy can be depended upon to turn the debt bogey into a skeleton that will leap out of the cupboard at some critical moment to shatter all happiness for its unhappy owner.

CAN YOU LAUGH?

Why the Bickers Separated

THOUSANDS of homes are wrecked whose walls need never have been shattered had husband and wife remembered to laugh. They laughed together often when they were courting. But as soon as the wedding register is signed the fun and happiness begin to die down.

Things go wrong, small things at first maybe, such as a kitchen flue refusing to draw, or the butcher forgetting to bring the joint until it is too late to get it cooked for dinner.

Mrs. Bickers doesn't try to make the best of it and see how clever she can be in managing. Not she. She frowns and fumes and works herself up into a feverish state of annoyance that bursts like pent-up steam upon the unfortunate husband the moment he opens the door.

Mr. Bickers is often just as bad when things go wrong in the workshop or office. Sharp words endured from the boss or foreman are dealt back on Mrs. Bickers as a safety-valve, or, worse, make him so morose and sulky at home that he is like a bear with a sore neck when spoken to.

By this time Mr. and Mrs. Bickers are well on the way to become a bickering family. It is an easy step from grumbling to one another to grumbling at one another. The Bickers go on bickering: one nagging, the other snapping, until at last the situation becomes unendurable.

It is true that hard words break no bones; but they do break hearts and they can and do break up homes.

But there is hope, for words are only words, after all, and it is quite possible to prevent the wrong sort being uttered. Some women have an unfortunate habit of always blurting out their woes, keeping irritation well to the fore. It is really very small-minded.

Laughter helps to clear away difficulties. Pleasant words are cheap. Spoken in the morning and when the breadwinner returns, they would save homes that under the bickering rule are ready to totter in ruins.

Your Girl's Career

YOUNG TALENT

THERE is any amount of artistic talent among our young folks. Schools often show exhibitions of drawing and painting reaching a high level of merit. The boy, and quite often the girl, dreams of being an artist. The mother asks anxiously, "Is there a living in it?"

Lady George Cholmondeley, who is taking up the business of dress designing

Unfortunately, this country does not value art for its own sake, as, for instance, was done in Ancient Greece. We live in a commercial country and some of our cleverest artists have to paint portraits, instead of pictures, to make a living. Even a genius may starve in an attic unless she turns her talents into channels of business.

This does not mean that the girl clever with pencil and brush need lay aside her tools. But where it is imperative to earn money, art must, at first, be regarded as a sideline.

Study in leisure hours and attendance at art classes must be kept up. Afterwards there are many openings for girls with artistic talent.

This is true of the dressmaking, furnishing, florists, advertising and decorating trades, while most of the great stores actually employ girls in painting and demonstrating artists' materials.

The great thing is to work until really efficient, for it is efficiency, in any line of life, that pays.

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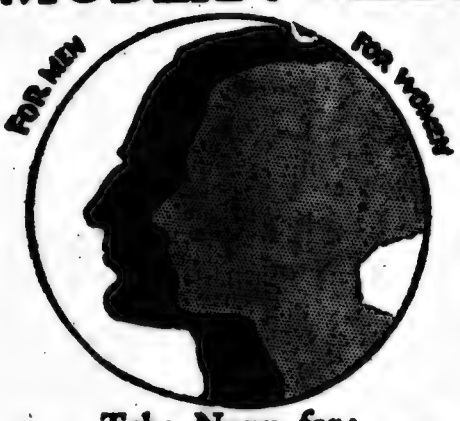

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WHAT SHOULD HE DO?

A WRECKED HOME

—A Flighty, Dance-loving Wife, Jobless and Two Kiddies to care for

PROBLEMS of Life that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." For the three most poignant and perplexing human documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s. and 10/6. Send your problems along to "Humanist," with stamped, addressed envelope. Names and addresses are suppressed so that the writers cannot be identified.

I AM a young man with six years' experience of matrimony. These have been years of misery. Hardly had the wedding-day passed before my wife showed what she had hidden before, that she possessed a vile temper. It runs completely away with her, so that her abusive language when in her tantrums is scarcely to be believed.

I hoped when our first child arrived that it would soften her, but, instead, things went from bad to worse. My wife, resenting any restraint on her liberty, left me to look after baby while she went out to dances. This meant she fell in with other men, and one in particular took her fancy.

Because I remonstrated with her, she promptly left me. But she came back after a time, because she found a second baby was expected. After this was born she appeared to mend, and we both got work in the same factory.

I soon discovered she was "on" with the foreman. This fellow presently found excuse to sack me, so that I am at present unemployed, while the wife has a good job.

To add to my wretchedness, the wife's parents encourage her in her relations with the foreman. Because he is well off, they even invite him to their home.

Recently she has written me a note saying she has come to the conclusion that, "as we cannot hit it off," we had better separate. The thought of it is breaking my heart, for I am still fond of her, and I love my kiddies more than life. I feel there is nothing left to live for, so please advise me, "Humanist," what to do.

HUMANIST says: Play the man. Tell your wife her duty is with her home and her children, and if she will not attend to it, you will at least see that she does not play cat-and-mouse with you.

If, after this, she still behaves badly, let her go, apply for a separation, and concentrate on your children. You have plenty to live for in them, and while you are looking for work you will no doubt be able to find some friends who will look after your children for you temporarily.

. . .

A Spirit-Warning

OURS was a boy and girl courtship, and we were married quite young.

Throughout a long life, my wife and I have weathered the vicissitudes of fortune together, being, in fact, ideally happy and blessed with three lovely children.

It is only now that the serpent has reared its head in our Eden.

We lost by death our beloved only son, and recently have taken into our home a lodger, who occupies the dead lad's room. It is through this man the trouble has come.

He became engaged to a cousin of my wife's, which made him more than ever like one of the family. My wife's kindness to him, however, has in my mind taken on a more sinister look through certain revelations made to me in secret. She is in love with our lodger.

Angels from heaven could not have convinced me that she was carrying on an intrigue with this fellow, but I have even more irrefutable evidence. My dead boy speaks to me. He passionately loved his mother, and now he is warning me constantly of her sin.

If I go out alone to a theatre he says, "Go home, dad, mum is in danger. Go home!"

I now know that had I rushed home on the instant, I could have saved my wife's honour, but I had lived in false security too long. But now what can I do? Shall I seek divorce?

HUMANIST says: No; you are suffering from delusions. If it were possible for your dead boy to communicate with you he would not use that great opportunity to poison your mind against his beloved mother. Distrust "impressions" of this sort if you value your sanity. And why go alone to the theatre? Do you not take your wife out?

. . .

Joy-Riding to Ruin

I AM departmental manager in a big concern, and have as secretary a pretty, attractive girl of eighteen. I have long been a friend to this girl's parents. Now I find the girl is being pursued by an elderly married man.

This does not weigh with my secretary, who appears quite infatuated with the fellow, and flattered by his attentions. Needless to say he is well-to-do. She goes with him to dance-halls, and even takes night excursions with him in a car.

I have remonstrated with her in vain. She only retorts that so long as she does her work well, it is not my business to interfere with her private affairs.

Her father and mother would be broken-hearted if they got to hear of this intrigue, and I should hate to do anything to cause estrangement between her lover and his trusting wife, who has no inkling of what is going on.

Shall I threaten him with exposure to his wife or shall I mind my own business and allow this innocent girl to go on with what will lead to certain tragedy?

HUMANIST says: Neither. If you were the father of this girl you would not thank her employer for keeping you in the dark after he had realised her danger. The girl's parents have a right to be informed that they may take immediate steps to protect their daughter.

You can also tell her pursuer, as man to man, what you think of his caddish behaviour, and I shall not think much of you if you are unable to make him thoroughly ashamed of himself. There is no need for the man's wife to be dragged into it.

. . .

The "Ugly Duckling"

I AM the youngest daughter of a family of ten, and from my childhood my mother has, for some unknown reason, thought less of me than any of the others. In fact, the feeling she has always seemed to have for me is hate.

When my husband came courting, she told him tales of me. That led to words, so mother told me to "go and good riddance."

The "row" we had made a breach that has never healed. I write and write, but get no answer. She is not very poor, and sometimes helps my sisters, but never helps me.

I am terribly hurt by my mother's hard-heartedness. And when my own kiddies say, "Why does grannie never come?" I don't know what to say.

HUMANIST says: Mothers who show favouritism among their own children cause a great deal of unnecessary suffering. You have done your best, and if your mother will not write or come, I advise you to cease worrying.

Forget the past, and seek happiness in your husband's love, and in making your home a pleasant place for your own young family.

. . .

Worse than a Widow

FIVE years ago my husband became a certified lunatic. I am assured that there is no hope of recovery. I was left with a small farm to look after and a baby to bring up. What with my husband's maintenance, labourers' wages to pay and all besides, I got "fed up."

After the property, which bore my husband's name on the deeds, was sold, debts paid, and the remainder of the money invested for his benefit, I am left with nothing at all to bring up my child.

I am not a widow or I could claim widow's benefit. I am merely a ruined woman, tied to a living corpse. What has become of Lord Buckmaster's Bill? Is there any sign of it going through?

HUMANIST says: I think it a great pity that you sold the little farm, which might, with study and diligence, have yielded a living. The authorities, in such a case, would have taken every circumstance into consideration in apportioning the sum demanded for your husband's maintenance.

I must remind you that, even should Lord Buckmaster's Bill, which is now in abeyance, become law, there are both men and women who will not take advantage of its provisions.

If they were deeply attached to their partners in health they will regard mental trouble as a misfortune to be bravely endured, as they would any other form of sickness. All will depend upon how much love was there at the beginning.

. . .

Baby's Income

FOR three years I have paid weekly maintenance on an affiliation order to the mother of my child. As she is about to become a mother the second time, I have offered to marry her. She refuses to accept, so please tell me if I am compelled to go on paying?

HUMANIST says: Certainly you must continue to pay until the child is sixteen. You cannot shirk responsibility to your son because his mother refuses to marry you. Affiliation orders are for the benefit of offspring and are not conditional at all.

. . .

Film-Struck Son.—Don't make an ass of yourself. Film stars are besieged by foolish people who dream of life in the studios, little knowing of the difficulties and hardships there. Do not swell their numbers. Neither must your mother go to a moneylender, as thereafter her life would be one long nightmare of trying to pay exorbitant interest.

corns ON EVERY TOE

Lifted Out After Radox Footbaths

The more corns you possess, the more you need Radox. A tablespoonful of these fragrant Bath Salts in daily footbaths will soon compel the most obstinate corn to loosen so that it can be drawn painlessly out, root and all. This lady suffered on every toe. She was scarcely able to walk. Then she put her feet into Radox footbaths. Her letter shows the result:

"I must tell you that a few months ago my feet were unbearable owing to corns being on every toe and under the balls of both feet, but now I am glad to say I have not one corn left—thanks to Radox Bath Salts.

I use the Radox in my footbath twice a week, soaking the feet in nice hot water for half-an-hour. Also I have not had the rheumatism so bad in my feet since using Radox, which I shall always use and recommend."

Mrs. F. L., Worthing.
7th December, 1928.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Radox Bath Salts

Gives your feet that "Kraschen Feeling"

Ask for Radox at your chemists, price 1/6 per ½-lb. Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Obedience

However unruly your hair is inclined to be, it will obey ANZORA without question. And, moreover, remain as you want it throughout the day's exertions. Use ANZORA always.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, and ANZORA VIOLA for dry scalps are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles, by Chemists, Hairdressers & Stores.

REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

ANZORA *Masters the Hair!*

Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

4 oz. can 1s. 3d.

Cuticura Talcum Powder

For the Toilet and Nursery

A Talcum Powder worthy of bearing a name that has become famous all over the world for sustained quality and purity for fifty years. You will be delighted with its fragrant, medicated efficiency as a cooling, soothing addition to your toilet, and as a sanative, antiseptic, deodorizing protection to your skin.

An Ideal After-Shaving Powder

Sample free on request. Address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 51, Banner St., London, E.C. 1. Cuticura Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d.

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Oriental Perfume

ERAM KHAYYAM

of caressing fragrance in dainty full-size bottles given away

FREE

as an Advertising Offer.

Will you accept free this full-size bottle of exquisite Extract of Amber which imparts to "E-K" Cigarettes their wonderful scented subtlety? It is ordinarily priced at 21/- an ounce, but you cannot buy it. *It is reserved exclusively for distribution free to smokers of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes, popularly called Fabian's "E-K."*

These wonderful cigarettes, with tippings of gold, silk and rose petals, reveal, when smoked, a subtle and most intriguing Oriental perfume conjuring up the

A few specimens of the sumptuous assortment of ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes contained in the 1/- BOX illustrated below.

FABIANS
ERAM-Khayyam Cork-tipped
The rarest vintage that could grace the banquet of the thoughts.
ERAM-Khayyam Gold-tipped
The wealth and spices of the East dissolved in dream-cloud smoke.
ERAM-Khayyam Silk-tipped (Red)
The Orient's perfumes rich and rare In sensuous smoke-rings rise.
ERAM-Khayyam Rose-tipped
Each tip a petal from the Rose, to kiss some rosebud lips.
ERAM-Khayyam Pansy-tipped
Mysterious visions and Eastern charm, Revealed when smoking ERAM-Khayyam.

MYSTERIOUS CHARMS, VISIONS and alluring sweetness of the romantic East. **Gardens of Persia that yield up their fragrance, Incense of Roses, Hibiscus and Palm.**

One must go to the Divans and Harems of Constantinople or the Palaces of India's Native Princes, at whose command they were specially prepared, to find the equal to

FABIAN'S

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AMBER PERFUMED

Life of the Orient breathing within thee—Love of the East with its sensuous charm.

TO OBTAIN YOUR FREE BOTTLE

of this most alluring perfume ever discovered—the actual bottled Extract of Amber with which "E-K" Cigarettes are scented—simply purchase a 1/- box of Fabian's "E-K." Assorted Cigarettes of your tobacconist, hand him the coupon from this advertisement and he will give you the above full-size three-inch bottle absolutely FREE OF CHARGE.

Ask your tobacconist for your 1/- box of "E-K" Cigarettes and FREE full-size bottle of PERFUME TO-DAY.

Money gladly refunded if not entirely satisfied.

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Please hand bearer a full-size bottle of Fabian's ERAM Oriental Perfume in Exchange for this Coupon on buying a 1/- box of Fabian's **"E-K"** assorted Cigarettes.

A double-size Bottle Free with every 2/- box.
A Bottle 5 times the size Free with every 4/- box.

Should your tobacconist not stock ERAM-Khayyam Cigarettes, then send Coupon to: **L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. C.B.4), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.**

Please send by return of post a box of "E-K" assorted Cigarettes and corresponding size FREE BOTTLE of Perfume. I enclose P.O. (stamps or cheque).
1/- for No. 1 SIZE SET. 2/- for No. 2 SIZE SET.
4/- for No. 3 SIZE SET.
(Strike out sets not required).

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INHALANT
If you have a Cold
inhale "Vapex" from your handkerchief and the cold will soon be a thing of the past. "Vapex" penetrates the complicated passages of nose and throat, bathing them in an antiseptic atmosphere in which germs cannot grow. The inflamed mucous membrane is soothed, cleansed and protected from re-infection.
Of Chemists 2/- & 3/- per bottle
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD
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V. 45

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Try This Famous Vegetable Pill.
"We've every reason to think highly of Bile Beans in our family," says Mr. T. F. Ferris, of 17, Barton Vale, St. Philip's, Bristol. "My wife suffered from constipation and biliousness a good many years. Bouts of sickness, weariness, and a throbbing head were her constant lot. Bile Beans undoubtedly proved far and away the most successful remedy for removing the constipation and liverishness and restoring her health and good spirits.
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Over 30 years' demonstration proves that Bile Beans are a unique scientific triumph. For indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, wind, sick headache, anæmia, debility, etc., Bile Beans stand unequalled to-day. 1/3 (40 Bile Beans) or 3/- (120 Bile Beans) sealed boxes of all chemists and stores.

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Let your cigarettes be as fresh as the minute by rolling your own with Zig-Zag cigarette papers. 17
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CIGARETTE PAPERS

PLUVEX
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Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 9/. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.
LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

Our Letter Parliament

CHANCE WORDS *that Influenced* MY LIFE

QUITE recently, a phrase in the film-picture of "Sorrel and Son" arrested my imagination, and has given a new zest and outlook to life. "It's my job . . . and I'm rather proud of it!" says Captain Sorrel in his dying moments, referring to the fact that he has striven, and suffered, to give his only son a chance in life, which was gloriously made use of. I suggest to myself that the man who has a job, or a purpose in life, and gets joy in the doing of it and satisfaction at the end of it, has made a useful contribution to his day and generation.—*George E. Rogers, Villiers Road, Southall.*

A Chance-Made Poet

About thirty years ago a paper came into our home. It ran a weekly competition for poets, prizes being given for topical verses. My wife challenged me to write a verse and I accepted the challenge, never for a moment dreaming that I possessed the faintest streak of "the divine afflatus," with the result that I wrote some lines which appeared the following week in the paper mentioned. That set me on the literary roadway. Since then I have written over 600 poems in English, also others in the Scottish dialect, added over 4,000 epigrams, many essays, five full plays and three playlets, three of which have been successfully produced within the past five years.—*William Queen, Vaal Cottage, Douglas, Lanarkshire.*

Saved by Nine Words

One morning when I was a boy I drove a pony down Wryken Colliery. As I was standing at the pit-head waiting to go down the shaft, the deputy said to me, "Stand back, boy. I will go down with this." So I stepped back to wait for the next cage. The one from which I had just stepped back was lifted off the catches while being lowered, the rope broke, and the cage with its human load dashed to the bottom.—*J. B. O'Brien, Highbury Park, N.*

What the Boss Said

Always lazy and unpunctual in the mornings, I ascended the workshop stairs one dark, cold morning, twenty minutes late, to find a man shovelling snow from the landing. To him I sleepily whispered, "I say, mate, is the boss in yet?" The man raised his head and glared at me. "Yes," he hissed. It was the boss himself! That "Yes," coupled with the glare, was a sermon to me, and from that moment I determined to "play the game." When temptation assails, I have only to ask myself, "Is the boss in yet?"—*Early Bird, Montrose, Scotland.*

A Fool No More

As a young man I was rapidly following a course of intemperance which could have only one end—disaster. One afternoon, I had occasion to visit a Yorkshire village publican on legitimate business shortly after the closing hour. He was counting his takings, and he said to a friend who was also present, "Ah'm caantin' t' fooil's penny, lad." The idea of being one of the fools in the estimation of an ignorant village publican was repugnant to me. I have not touched drink since.—*Yorkshireman, N. Wales.*

Power of Thought

Some years ago I overheard a remark between two fellows on a 'bus—a remark which was to change my whole outlook on life. "Thoughts are things. A man is what he thinks he is and can become what he will." The words vibrated through me like a tonic. I was pessimistically inclined, nothing ever seemed to go right and the outlook was always black. Very well, I would reverse the process and force myself to think success, prosperity and happiness. At first it was exceedingly difficult. But I persevered and have reaped a golden harvest of health and happiness.—*Mark Tapley, N.*

Winning a Wife

Returning from my work one night, in one of Glasgow's busy shipyards, I saw a girl rush from a doorway, crying, "You'll never see me again." Out of curiosity I followed her, and was just in time to pull her down from the parapet of one of the bridges spanning the Clyde. That was seven years ago, and that girl is now my wife. And a better wife hath no man.—*G. S., Blantyre, N.B.*

A Flarders Echo

At Ypres, in September, 1917, we commenced our advance, and the enemy, eager as ever to hold us up, effectively succeeded in doing so. My pal, Lance-Corporal C——, of the 8th Black Watch, was mortally wounded. I held him in my arms, and as I did so his last words were, "I'll soon be happy, Steve!" Those words have made me an ardent follower after peace, and I know now that there is something seriously wrong with the world when men seek for happiness outside of it.—*Ex.-Sergt. W. Stevenson, M.S.M., Greenock.*

The Beggar's Knock

"He died of starvation." These words were spoken by a doctor at the inquest on an old man found dead on the hillside. The old man had, the previous day, called at my uncle's house and asked for bread. My uncle, unthinkingly, turned him away. When I hear a beggar's knock, the doctor's words cry out, "He died of starvation!"—*Thule, Falkirk.*

"Life Divine"

Several years ago, at the termination of my music lesson, a neighbour came round to ask my teacher if he would like to hear a record of the prizewinner of the Crystal Palace band contest, the piece being "Life Divine." A few chance words altered the course of my life, for thinking I should like it, my teacher asked if I could come too, and the young man said, "Certainly, I should like you to come." So I went, and received further invitations from his mother. The son and I became great pals, and now we have been married two years, and it is still "Life Divine."—*D. M. B., Sandiacre.*

Good-bye, Santa Claus!
Christmas is past, yet there is still hope for those unfortunates who have not acquired their copy of the "JOHN BULL Xmas Annual." Raid the bookstall now—you may be lucky!

ORIGINAL letters on the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

My Strangest Premonition

A Hint to Railways

The railway companies advertise cheap excursion fares, but the trains leave at very unsuitable hours. A Friday forenoon or early afternoon is useless to ordinary workers. It is also not very attractive to be kept waiting in a cold, draughty station, at Liverpool, for instance, until two o'clock in the morning before departing on the return journey. Only when they give thought to the true comfort and convenience of the majority will the railways be performing a service equal to that of the competitive 'buses.—*Wm. Moodie, Glasgow.*

Shopping Week Farce

Surely as a piece of officious interference our shopping week fiasco takes some beating. Faced as we are with unfair competition, our Chamber of Commerce decided to inaugurate a shopping week. All tradesmen taking part gave to each customer a numbered coupon, prizes having been promised. Halfway through the week, the police stepped in at the instigation of our wealthy competitors and declared the scheme illegal. I might add that housebreaking is far from being a lost art in this part of the world. Have the police nothing better to do than bite the hand that feeds them?—*E. Knape, West Norwood.*

Spying Teetotallers

Under the heading of "What's His?" you record that a teetotal society is hard at work collecting confidential information about M.P.s' personal habits for use during the coming General Election. This spying on the part of puritanical cranks and faddists is to be deprecated. I wonder whether all these teetotal-cum-prohibitionists' personal habits would bear strict investigation?—*A. W. Simons, Wood Green.*

He Also Served

When I applied for a job a short time ago, I was told I should have been engaged but for the fact that I was not an ex-Service man. During the war I closed down my business as a jeweller and went to work in a forge from six o'clock at night till seven the next morning. I am left wondering what constitutes "service." I have yet to meet the honest conscript who says he went for the love of the thing.—*John Turvey, Handsworth, Birmingham.*

* * *

Letters in Little

At Trealaw, Rhondda Valley, twenty-four unemployed miners have been converting scrap-iron and timber into toys. This small factory intends to "carry on." So remember, "Buy British."—*John Powell, Pontypridd.*

Glass bottles for milk are hygienic, but lying smashed in the road they are dangerous. Authorities must stop this danger to children.—*L. J. B., Surrey.*

There are mean cyclists who will not pay even a shilling for a decent "back red reflector." Their cheap bits of glass are certainly red, but not so red as the road when a motorist hits them in the darkness.—*H. W. Swindells, Walsall.*

When are British consuls abroad going to help British seamen who are disgracefully treated? Is the Flag flagging or are the consuls incompetent?—*S. E., Oxon.*

Animal torturers, having escaped with a paltry fine, return home and "take it out" of the dumb creature which has already suffered. The animals should be confiscated from such brutes.—*Dog Lover, Fulham.*

Lumbago?

Don't suffer get ease this way

Sloan's Liniment kills pain instantly. It acts with amazing rapidity in all cases of Lumbago, Backache, Rheumatism, Sciatica. Even old standing aches and pains promptly yield to Sloan's.

A single application of Sloan's Liniment is often all you need to bring relief. Gently laid on the painful joint or muscle it penetrates instantly. The afflicted nerves and tissues are soothed and comforted, congestion is swept away and welcome relief quickly follows.

Clean and easy to use, Sloan's Liniment is the approved remedy for aches and pains. Always keep a bottle handy—ready to kill pain.

Use Sloan's for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Backache, Sprains and Muscular Pain.

Mr. J. Turner, 150, Clifford St., Birmingham, writes:—"I wish to convey my grateful thanks for the relief Sloan's Liniment has given me. I had the misfortune to strain my back very badly and could scarcely walk, but after a few applications of Sloan's Liniment was cured in a very short time."

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Of Chemists and Stores

2/- and 4/- per bottle

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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Formerly a Chemist's Apprentice. After training, was offered 3 good posts as TRAVELLING SALESMAN.

Mr. R.E.T. wrote us: *"As a result of introductions which your Appointments Dept. gave me, I had the offer of three excellent posts . . . . . I consider the taking of your Course (of Salesmanship) has been the best investment I have ever made."*

The real test of a postal training in Salesmanship is whether it fits a man to be a practical Travelling Salesman, and whether as a result of that training he secures a good post as Salesman, and makes a success of it.

The records of thousands of Wallace Attwood students previously clerks, shop assistants, mechanics, etc., testify to all those points. Many former students are now earning their £400, £500 and even up to four figures p.a.—as a result of the Wallace Attwood postal course of Salesmanship, studied in their spare time, and the introductions to good posts given them by the Attwood Appointments Dept. **Read the definite undertaking below.**

The essentials for acceptance are **backbone and grit.** If you have these, Wallace Attwood will help to lift you out of a life of dull routine, and into the well-paid, enjoyable, open-air life of a Travelling Salesman.

Write for booklet, "The Profession of Salesmanship," free on request. It will open your eyes to the possibilities which DO exist in the selling field, and the earnings as Salesmen secured by other young men who were formerly working in routine jobs.

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Please send me free, your 24-page illustrated book "The Profession of Salesmanship."

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Asthma Bronchitis Catarrh and Whooping Cough

The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops. The relief is immediate and extraordinary. Entirely free from opiates and does not cause headache. It is *wonderful for the Bronchitis of Children.* Of all Chemists 1/6, or direct post free 1/9. Get it to-day.

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Send for Free Trial

of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, together with booklet "Are you Asthmatic?" which will be forwarded to all who write mentioning this paper and enc'osing 2d. stamp. Address:—Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

INDIGESTION STOPS AT ONCE

Whatever strides science may have made in combating diseases, no better remedy has been discovered for stopping indigestion than 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which to-day is used by thousands of stomach sufferers with never failing success. 'Bisurated' Magnesia treats indigestion in the only logical way, by instantly neutralising excess acids, preventing fermentation, and soothing, healing and strengthening the inflamed stomach lining, which soon becomes healthy and strong. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is sold by all chemists in either powder or tablet form at 1s. 3d. a package. It is the remedy that is recommended by doctors. It is used in hospitals and by thousands of one-time sufferers who have proved again and again that 'Bisurated' Magnesia is an unfailing reliever of all acid-caused digestive troubles.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

Write to-day for Free Art List.

Showing Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

RILEY'S "HOME" BILLIARDS means a happy and contented home life.

A first small payment brings the table carriage paid, free of transit risk and on 7 DAYS' TRIAL.

FOR 14/- DOWN you can have your own perfect Billiard Table, a 6 ft. replica of Riley's famous full-size Billiard Tables. Cash price £11 15s. This table rests comfortably on an ordinary dining table, and after play can be stored away until the following evening. The balance of the purchase price is paid whilst you are getting enjoyment from the table.

If the 6 ft. size is not convenient, there is sure to be one amongst the following:—

4 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 4 ins.	£7	0	0	or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6
5 ft. 4 ins. x 2 ft. 10 ins.	£9	0	0	
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7 ft. 4 ins. x 3 ft. 10 ins.	£15	0	0	11/-; 14/-
8 ft. 4 ins. x 4 ft. 4 ins.	£21	0	0	18/-; 26/-

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Riley's "Cabriole" Billiard and Dining Table, cash price £34 10s. (or on easy terms) one of the many attractive designs shown in our list.

Riley's "Combine" Billiard & Dining Table is a very popular piece of furniture for the home. Obtainable from £22 10s., or can be had on easy payments.

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NO WAY BARRED.

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BUSINESS A SPECIALITY

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FOOTBALL

LISTS ON APPLICATION. — "DUGGIE NEVER OWES."

Write To-day—Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

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FOOTBALL

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING BARRED.
BOOK OPEN ON FOOTBALL CUP.

VANOC, NOT VAUX

A Lincolnshire Handicap Bloomer

A WORD or two to welcome the new baby, 1929. With the bookmakers and the "Tote" doing business side by side, the New Year's racing on the flat promises plenty of excitement, but not riches.

IN the past the odds have always favoured the "pencillers." They make the "books" and, naturally, keep on the right side. With the machine in operation, the dice will be doubly loaded against you. It can never lose and with the regularity of clockwork, will take its 10, 7½, or 5 per cent. of backers' money.

I HAVE never considered the Turf a golden road to fortune. On the other hand, I have not purchased a saloon-de-luxe for a bookmaker, for I have treated the game as a game. I hope you will do the same. Bet lightly, never try to recover your losses, and do not forget that the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service is always ready to answer any racing queries you care to send along.

SOME time ago there was an outcry for the appointment of a supervisor of entries. The clamour died a natural death, but every now and then ugly bloomers crop up which show the necessity of some sort of extra supervision.

IN the entries for the Lincolnshire Handicap we have Vaux, which should be Vanoc, the son of Hurry On-Gilded Vanity, and also Aurelia Colt in mistake for Aurelian.

THE nominators may, of course, be responsible, but I cannot find a Vaux in training. Vanoc, now owned by Mr. J. Hamer, showed great promise when the property of Eleanor Lady Torrington, but something went wrong, and he had to be scratched from Call Boy's Derby. He is a massive colt, and one to watch for the Carholme race if there is a market move in his favour.

A SUPERVISOR of entries worth his salt would spot horses not qualified to run. Certainly, they only creep into entries every now and then, but they have a nasty habit of running into first, second or third place. Somebody notices the bloomer after the race and the fat is in the fire for backers. The horse is usually automatically disqualified and bets go with stakes.

I REMEMBER a case a few years ago when the *Sporting Life* pointed out in good time that a horse named Hectic was not qualified to run owing to the fact that the race was for horses which had not won an event of a certain amount or over. Hectic having won the stipulated sum was ineligible.

THE owner either did not see or ignored the warning, and the Clerk of the Course took no action. Hectic was sent to the meeting, was backed heavily on the course, started favourite, and won. The Stewards disqualified the horse there and then and, if I remember rightly, the owner was fined, but this did not help the backers of Hectic, who, of course, lost their money.

WE have heard a good deal lately about the ultra-violet rays, and several readers have asked me how this scientific cure benefits the thoroughbred. The ultra-violet are the chemical rays of an artificial and harnessed sun, and the veterinary surgeons use them for weak joints, strains, open wounds and countless other complaints.

THE cells of the skin and the blood-vessels intervening between arteries and veins absorb the rays, which have an all-round stimulating effect on the body. It is not generally known that His Majesty's Scuttle, who won the One Thousand Guineas, was treated by the ultra-violet rays before her victory.

"ENGLAND'S best Jumps Boy," as the American journalists called George Duller, will probably be missing from the saddle for a short time, as he decided some days ago to go into a nursing home for a minor operation. Duller has not been in the best of health since his return from the States, but he seems to be riding as well as ever.

I HAVE always attributed the secret of his success to his fine judge of pace and the "monkey seat" style of riding. This, by the way, came from America. Over there the little black boys used to break in saddleless horses, and they held on to the mane until they got their proper balance. It originated the "monkey seat," and proved at the same time that a jockey who adopted the style got more pace out of his mount.

George Duller

RHYTICERE, who has come over from France, may trouble the bookmakers in other ways than pronouncing his name. He is a consistent gelding who does not seem to know how to keep out of a place, and he has shown ability over the longest and stiffest courses in France. When he gains experience of the English courses he should win races. He is probably a few pounds inferior to Maguelonne, who beat him in the big 'chase at Auteuil last June.

PENCILLERS are seldom at a loss if they have a tongue-twister to deal with. Pouchartrain, who ran at the last Birmingham meeting, fogged them at first, but they solved the difficulty by offering 5 to 1 Push The Train.

THE amazing success of the Sheffield Wednesday team—the bookmakers will not think of quoting them as a League and Cup "double"—and the corresponding failure of the rival United club has renewed all the old bitterness between the two "camps."

IT seems strange that this should be so in these enlightened times. There surely can be no satisfaction gained in going to the "opposition" ground to indulge in vitriolic barracking of the players. Yet this sort of thing goes on at Sheffield.

WHEN Trotter was scoring heaps of goals for the Wednesday two seasons ago, some wag chalked outside the United ground this: "Eleven cow-heels for one Trotter"!

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*

2 M F L Y C E T I Z B X G O

R H U A N K J W P V 3 S Q D

How to read the code: in place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be.

Q2JLWXILY would read GREAT SPAN.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, Jan. 2, to Tuesday, Jan. 8.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

(*Continued from page 34.*)

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(*Continued on page 20.*)

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"YOUR BAD LEG AND THE REASON WHY" deals with all matters bearing on the subject of Bad Legs, among which are: How to diagnose a Bad Leg—The various sorts of Bad Legs—How to know if your Leg bone is diseased—Why operations fail to cure Bad Legs—Why Ulcers form more frequently on the legs than on any other part of the body, and why they are more difficult to cure in this situation—Why Bad Legs of long standing are as easily cured as those of yesterday—How long it takes to cure a Bad Leg—Why rest is harmful and retards your cure, there is a reason—Why healing your Bad Leg improves your bodily health—Can every Bad Leg be cured?—Why Bad Legs are so common—Age no bar to cure—The class of people who mostly suffer from Bad Legs—Dangers of and deaths from Bad Legs—How ulcers are formed and why they are formed—How to distinguish false healing from true healing—How to know a genuine cure from a worthless remedy—The effects of long standing in Bad Legs—The various Medicines that have been advocated and the many remedies that have been applied to Bad Legs; why they fail—What to get for your Bad Leg—A miracle-working recipe—How to kill pain, to banish sleepless nights, and regain a good night's rest—Why work is not hindered—Why relapse is impossible—Why rest is not needed—Why failure is unknown—An Ideal Home Treatment—How to know when your leg is perfectly well and permanently cured.

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T	O	T	O	■	W	E	I	S	T	■	H	E	L	E	N

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

This week's puzzle is on page 34.

Our Free Advice Service: *Worry is the greatest handicap to life's enjoyment. Whilst it persists, others who are free will pass you on the road. Get rid of its weight by sending particulars, with stamped, addressed envelope, to* JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service. No matter what your trouble is, there are experts who can tell you exactly how to proceed, and who will willingly do so.*

JOHN BULL *Replies*

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

C. A. (Wantage).—"He got full to the m." Did you bail him out?

D. B. (Anerley).—"Charity suffereth g and is kind." That's us—to you.

C. R. (Jarrow).—"My brother is very ver." One of Nature's contrasts.

Mrs. S. (Islington).—"What do you nk I was before I married?" Single.

E. N. (Shirley).—"What is the best y to prevent water coming into my se?" Don't pay your water rate.

V. P. (Maltby).—"I'm a broken man e I got married." That shows you e cracked when you got engaged.

. R. (Rufford).—"I hope you will pay ttention to my letter." Yes, as

—"Woman's intuition is n why does she ask ns?

ry).—"You've got me You were wrong before

wick).—"It will soon be me to call at your office How soon?

bury).—"Can a man love women at the same time?" Yes, they find out.

. T. (Greenhithe).—"Help yourself heaven will help you." Yes, but e care to what you help yourself.

Miss T. (Rugby).—"Fur coats will be ionable again this winter." Poor sies!

. L. (Bow).—"I sang, 'There's a rn in the town.'" And the audience t out to find it, we bet.

. L. (Chertsey).—"I always help my e to wash up." Light the gas to boil water and then buzz off?

. L. (Edmonton).—"The shortest s come just before Christmas." Ours ally come just after it.

. D. (York).—"What is the most tructive force on earth?" Our ndry would take a deal of beating.

. E. (Farnham).—"I mean to marry some day, but by the time I'm able she will be a wife of forty." You rmon!

H. F. (Matlock).—"If ever I write to for another interview, I think I shall guise my hand." We would much er you disguised your face.

. M. (Old Ford).—"It was raining hard and I got wet." It would e surprised us much more if you had dry.

. G. (Addiscombe).—"My wife kicked bit me, scratched me, pulled out my , and then kissed me!" Nothing doing a job thoroughly.

. C. (Camberwell).—"A queer-looking tomer who came to my door was ribly abusive because I hadn't a pair old boots to give him?" You must e felt like giving him socks.

L. R. (Victoria).—"Some M.P.s shine in the House." Others are not bald.

T. L. (York).—"Rome wasn't built in a day." No. It was a Government job.

Miss S. (Coventry).—"I could marry whom I please." And don't you please anybody?

C. M. (Stafford).—"Why won't opera pay in England?" Because the public won't.

W. P. (Oxford).—"The waits came round a week and more ago." The won't waits, evidently.

H. C. (Weymouth).—"My wife has no patience with me. Has yours?" She assures us she doesn't even know you.

D. S. (Stockport).—"You haven't heard from me for three years." Whatever have you been doing—three years?

K. M. (Devizes).—"I flatter myself that I am a man of ordinary commonsense." You do—absurdly.

W. P. (Dromore).—"Alcohol is good for engines." And, in moderation, it's not too bad for engineers.

Mrs. A. (Chelmsford).—"I knew my husband for years before I married him." Or only thought you did?

Miss F. (Forfar).—"Will my dreams ever come true?" Wake up and they might.

Mme. R. (Calais).—"I learnt myself the English in your paper." If you weren't a lady, we might institute proceedings for libel.

A. N. (Ferndale).—"I was walking with an American friend and he slipped and fell on the pavement." Did he fracture his flask?

J. C. (Snaith).—"So you can guess I was surprised." If you watch JOHN BULL for the next week or two you'll be more surprised still.

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE": "We ran to the nearest fire alarm and smashed it. The fire brigade from —— WASHED UP and we piloted them to the fire."

"THE HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN":—"The bridegroom's gifts were pendants TO THE THREE YOUNGER BRIDEGROOMS."

"EVENING STANDARD":—"Milk soups may be served with crisped bread ON TOAST."

"PANAMA TIMES" (Advt.):—"Position by young Jamaican girl as nursemaid for one child OR MARE."

"NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH":—"Witness said he left the front door IN THE LOCK ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE FRONT DOOR BY ACCIDENT."

A. E. (Lincoln).—"What is a 'round robin?'" A well-fed one.

P. C. (Acton).—"My wife told me to dry up." Do you have to wash up, too?

S. N. (New Brighton).—"The porter cried, 'Change at Aberdeen.'" But they never give change at Aberdeen.

W. R. (Ely).—"Can you guess what was missing after my house was burgled?" The burglar.

L. G. (Runcorn).—"I expect you will refuse this article owing to lack of space." Wrong. Owing to lack of spice.

S. R. (Exeter).—"I am sending you some cigars like I sent you last Christmas." We appreciate the warning!

R. E. (Bradford).—"Sometimes I write brilliantly." Other times you write to us.

J. R. (Coventry).—"I proved that he hadn't got a leg to stand on, and he sat down." What else could he do?

R. N. (Camberwell).—"I tell my small son lots of fairy-stories." That's right. Husband-training can't begin too early.

T. C. (Camborne).—"I keep myself to myself." That's a generous attitude to take in regard to your fellow men.

G. P. (Shoreditch).—"He butted me with his head." That was acting the goat.

C. T. A. (Boscombe).—"The dustman was rather surly." Well, Christmas is over now, you know.

R. V. (Whitechapel).—"i DOn?t KKnow! muCH @bouttttyPE$@% writING," ." We guessed that.

P. R. (Douglas).—"I met her when I first came to live on the Isle of Man, but he has jilted me." A Manx minx.

P. B. (London, W.).—"Why do bridegrooms wear spats?" Cold feet, we suppose.

L. T. (Ealing).—"My brother helped me to write this letter." Two minds without a single thought.

G. H. (Harpenden).—"We are in for long and heavy frosts." We'll put our name on the plumber's waiting list right away.

S. U. (Truro).—"Christmas comes but once a year." How on earth did you manage to track down this profound truth?

DAISY L. (Putney).—"After our first meeting he asked me if I would object to his calling." Did he tell you what his calling was?

L. T. (Leeds).—"What is England's biggest score?" 700 not out in *Bullets* this week. Are you out to knock up a good *Bullet* for that £700 First Prize?

S. H. (Cheltenham).—"I think, think and think, but cannot hit on a plan to bring me success." Why not try something you can do?

F. C. (Lampeter).—"Do you know the names of all the stars?" Yes. Gladys Cooper, Gracie Fields, Harry Lauder, Jock McKie, June, etc.

P. C. (Broxbourne).—"It isn't easy even for a man of fair literary ability to make a living out of authorship." Anyway, it is much easier than to make a living in it.

Miss A. (Burnley).—"I fear I have not put enough fire into enclosed article." We, on the contrary, fear you have not put enough of it into the fire.

G. S. (Fulham).—"He gave me a diary." Are you going to keep it?

P. C. (Dartmouth).—"I lisp and my sister stutters." D-dath it; you've ththet uth off n-now!"

G. P. (Reading).—"I don't believe that schoolboys should be caned." But you must admit it makes them smart.

P. R. (Cardiff).—"Girls now massage their faces with ice." Hence their cool cheek.

G. P. (Drayton).—"My wife is forty-five." You'll get into trouble if she knows you tell people.

D. B. (Highgate).—"He gazed into my eyes, but he didn't propose." We wonder why. Have you a squint?

A. M. (Marlow).—"She wanted me to dine on turnip-tops." The thin end of the veg.

F. T. (Chiswick).—"Are women becoming bald?" In our opinion they wouldn't be becoming if they were bald.

S. A. (Hereford).—"I put my whole mind into the enclosed poem." Now we know why it's in blank verse.

T. R. (London, S.).—"I stood up in the 'bus, raised my hat, and offered the lady my seat." You were just getting off, we suppose.

D. M. (London, W.).—"There's not much mystery and illusion surrounding actors and actresses these days." Everybody knows, for instance, what cigarettes they smoke to preserve their throats.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

BLANFORD'S
Marvellous Offer of MEN'S BLUE MELTON OVERCOATS

has broken all records

sent post free for only **2/-** DOWN

Specially selected, double-bodied, Blue Melton Cloth, woollen guaranteed fast dyes.

Double-breasted coat, fine tailored lapels, velvet pockets, silkateen lined, Stylish West-end cut, finished with character.

Perfectly tailored Winter Coat for **49/6**

We are pioneers of better quality, individual, man-tailored, ready-to-wear clothing. Send your height and chest measure and we guarantee to fit you.

Don't examine small patterns of cloth, but the actual coat we send you on approval. If not satisfied, we will gladly return your deposit. Send postal order for first payment of 2/- with full postal address and pay 5/- per month afterwards.

John Blanford LTD

Dept. J.B.V., 119, 129, Bunhill Row, London.

This wonderful Double Gift FREE!

IF you are NOT ALREADY a reader of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give it a trial for ten successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely REE a double gift of a Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped.

You will find "The Passing Show"—Britain's Brightest Weekly—a wonderful tonic in the New Year. Every "new leaf" you turn over will be full of smiles, and there are 36 pages of them every week! You are certain of a "Happy New Year" if you read "The Passing Show," the finest thing in black and white for the blues!

N.B.

Offer applies only to those residing in British Isles. When applicants have qualified they must send One Shilling to cover postage, packing, insurance and pocket clip.

To qualify for your Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix ten consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent on receipt of Reservation Form below.

Directly your Gift Voucher, properly completed, is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded.

Fill in the forms below To-day. Hand the ORDER FORM to your Newsagent. Post RESERVATION FORM to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of Reservation Form, Gift Voucher will be posted to you and at the same time our magnificent double Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!

Post this Form to "The Passing Show."

POST AT ONCE J/6

Reservation Form

This Form brings your GIFT VOUCHER

To "The Passing Show" (Dept. J/6)

85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This Form reserves in your name the Double Gift of a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen.

I CERTIFY that I am NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months, also that I have not already qualified for one of the Free 15/6 Gifts under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for ten consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the under-mentioned Newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set, AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the 15/6 Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my Gift. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," please register me under "The Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift, and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions. N.B.—You may post this form in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. **Applicants MUST also enclose halfpenny stamped, addressed envelope to cover return postage on Gift Voucher and Registration Certificate.**

Z

Leave this space blank.

New Reader's Name.....

Address .....

.....

New Reader's Signature.....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address.....Date.....

J.B. 5.1.29.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

UNLOCKED AND VERIFIED

Don't forget to enclose halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for reply.

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

ORDER FORM

"THE PASSING SHOW"—TWOPENCE WEEKLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING

Paying Up Our Debts

IT is a good resolution to start the New Year free of debt. And we have a big debt to pay: "The debt immense of endless gratitude," as Milton expressed it.

We have to thank our subscribers who, in spite of urgent appeals in the Press and over the wireless for the distressed miners, have not forsaken the "Greatest of These——" Fund, and have subscribed again this Christmas in money or in kind, or both. "A Catholic" sent us £50.

We could not have carried on without them, and we thank them most gratefully.

To enumerate a few of our benefactors: we thank Messrs. Dean and Son for their consignment of interesting books full of life and colour, and their delightful, clever toys, which have cheered many youngsters this Christmas. Being untearable and unbreakable, they will continue to amuse them all the year.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. V. Thomas for the lovely dolls, all beautifully dressed, complete with Christmas cards, which he was good enough to send to us for distribution; to the Staff of Messrs. Joseph Smith, Ltd., of Brighton, who sent gaily dressed dolls per Miss Lindsay; to the children of the Gedney Drove End Council School, for toys.

We thank Mr. M. Burton, of Greenford, for a splendid parcel of toys; Miss Millbank for her prettily dressed dolls, and so on.

A mother writes: "I thank you very much for everything, which came in so usefully. My five little ones did clap their hands when they saw it."

Lastly, we would wish to thank personally all our faithful subscribers throughout the year, those who cover themselves by initials: "A. K. (Ashton-u.-Lyne)"; "A. E."; "A. T. (Merton)"; "J. N. S."; "B."; "R. C."; and so forth.

And those who hide their identity under a *nom de guerre*, such as "A Labourer" (one of our faithfullest); "Deep Sea"; "A Roman Catholic"; "With Love"; "Grateful heart"; "Grateful Mother"; "?"; "Jumping Joshua"; "Ucalite"; "Sympathiser"; "Exonion"; "Fruit"; "Teddy's Mother"; "Every little helps (Yes, indeed!); "Divine Love," etc.

Also those who are faithful to the Ninth: "A Ninth"; "Jessie's Ninth"; "Neuf" and others, as well as those who stick to their surnames, and our child subscribers.

It is impossible to pick them out and place them here. Their names appear in our lists of "Acknowledgments" over and over again. They are our friends, and we thank them, one and all, and wish them A Happy and Prosperous New Year.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* THE HON. SECRETARY, 85, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

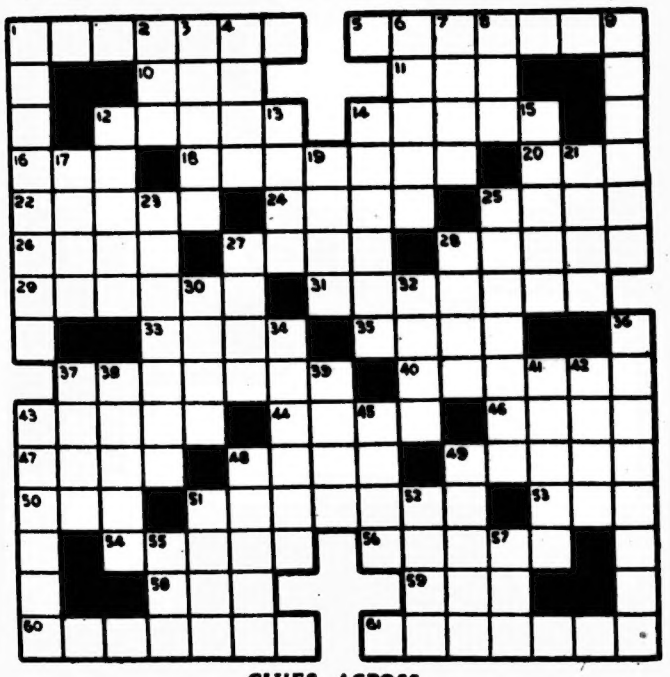
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Ucalite, 2s.; J. T. Hayler, 6d.; Mrs. A. S., 1s. 4d.; E. Mary Harries, 1s.; A. Burrows (Audenshaw), 6d.; Tone, 6d.; St. Christopher's Bdgs., 1s.; M. S. Slater (Cape Province, S.A.), 2s.; Jeff (Shefield), 5s.; Target (Buxton), 1s.; J. E. S. (Fore Gate), 1s. 6d.; In Loving Memory of Little Dolly, 2s. 6d.; Unemployed Sympathiser, 6d.; Jumping Joshua, 6s.; J. E. Leather (Northwich), 2s. 6d.; A Mother of Five (Wokingham), 1s.; Mrs. Langdon, 5s.; House at Last, 5s.; Christ Spirit, 4s.; Mother and Daughter (Bath), Hopeful Bulleteer, 6d.; Mrs. A. Conyard, 5s.; Divine Love (Oxford), 1s.; Friend (no address), 5s.; Divine Love (Oxford), 1s.; Friend (no address), 5s.

(*Continued on page* 30.)

Our Cross-Word Corner

NOW'S YOUR CHANCE!



CLUES ACROSS

1. High military rank.
5. An extract.
10. Human organ.
11. A cat.
12. Portion.
14. Singly.
16. Immerse.
18. Hair wash.
20. Beverage.
22. Join.
24. Bond.
25. Brought forth.
26. Land measure.
27. To turn round.
28. Corn, ground.
29. From that place.
31. Row of houses.
33. Third singular of "do."
35. Deceased.
37. Sitting-room.
40. Log fortification.
43. Wasted.
44. Flour.
46. Custom.
47. Wrong.
48. Soil.
49. To criticise severely.
50. A colour.
51. Hanging.
53. Female deer.
54. Run away.
56. Loud.
58. Beverage.
59. I.
60. A bulwark.
61. Contracted.

CLUES DOWN

1. To arrange by grades.
2. Elongated fish.
3. To elevate.
4. Chief.
6. Portable seat.
7. Tune for single instrument.
8. Australian bird.
9. Roving.
12. Steeple.
13. Comfort.
14. Reprieved.
15. Apathetic person.
17. Lineal measure.
19. Come together.
21. Gaelic.
23. Twining growth from a plant.
25. Boring tool.
27. To prohibit.
28. Seize.
30. Icy.
32. Life-like.
34. Merciful.
36. Valued.
37. To make level.
38. Stay.
39. Tear.
41. A flatterer
42. Preposition.
43. Dread.
45. British coaling station.
48. An outcast.
49. Biting effect of words.
51. Italian naval port.
52. Mid-day.
55. A circle.
57. The ocean.

The solution of our last week's puzzle will be found on page 32.

Start the New Year well by winning £500 in "The People" "Fair and Square" Crossword.

BRITISH MUSEUM 6 FEB 29

BULLETS' RECORD 700TH PRIZE-LIST

1ST. PRIZE £700

THIS WEEK ONLY

100 CELEBRATION CHEQUES AS BELOW

20 OF £7

80 OF £2

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

8,000 'NEW' TARGET PRIZES

Biggest one-week first ever offered!

2ND. PRIZE £50

3RD. PRIZE £25

RECORD PRIZE-LIST FOR "BULLETS" 700

OUR 700th *Bullets* Competition is before you this week, bringing a record one-week prize-list appropriate to the occasion.

We are justly proud of the fact that *Bullets* has held the public interest through an unbroken series of seven hundred contests. Such support can only be due to the attractive prize-lists and ng always associated with JOHN BULL'S famous competition. ep forward confidently towards *Bullets* No. 800, aiming at etter offers in 1929.

f these is fittingly headed by the biggest First Prize ever seen k contest—Seven Hundred Pounds! An additional attraction atch of 100 Special "Celebration Cheques" and there are many prizes for good *Bullets*.

e good *Bullets* of yours must reach us by Saturday, January th, or you will miss your place in our 700th list of prize-winners.

HOW TO MAKE A "BULLET."

TART 1929 well by winning a *Bullets* prize this week. Simply select one of the *Examples* below and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS which it aptly and with originality. These recent First Prize *Bullets* will help you to nstruct a prize-worthy effort:

"YOU'RE SACKED!"—"FREEDOM" WAGE "SLAVE"—DREADS; IN DEEP WATER—NATIONS WHILE "GULFS" REMAIN; CRASH!—STAGE CARPENTER ALSO AMATEUR.

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 700

A.1. NATION	"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"	SIDE BY SIDE
NALS	THE SHARE-HOLDERS	£400 A YEAR
MANY	ANOTHER CENTURY	ONEROUS
ED FOR GOLD	SHOWING HIS IGNORANCE	CHRISTIANITY
COUNSEL	THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL	MINER'S DREAM
OUR COURSE	CRITICISING	HE WENT SKATING, BUT
DRESSED UP	IN POWER	GOLDEN EGGS
REETLY	STAGGERING	NIGHTLY
VERGE IS SWEET	WICKED WASTE	JUDGING BY RESULTS
ES AWAY	A NEW NOTE	HAVE WE A GOVERNMENT?
LITTLE NEST-EGG	NOT A FRIEND	

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 700, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(700) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(700) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(700) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, Jan. 12.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(700) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

...ses for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be ...to Newsagents from whom the winners of the ...three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 700 ...purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

The First Prize will be awarded for what in the ...of the judges in consultation with the Editor ...best Bullet received, and the other prizes in ...of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and ...ality.

...ly two attempts may be written on each ..., and a postal order must be enclosed at the ...6d. for each coupon made use of. This must ...de payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and ...

...itors must write their names and addresses ...e date of sending the order on the back of ...stal order, the number of which must be duly ...on each coupon submitted. Coupons must ...e mutilated.

...he Editor undertakes that every Bullet received ...ave careful consideration by a competent staff ...alified judges.

...he Editor's decision on any matter of dispute ...in connection with this competition must be ...ed as final and legally binding in all respects, ...cceptance of this rule is an express condition ...ry.

...ployees of Odhams Press are not eligible to ...te.

ADVANCE DETAILS FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 701.

First Prize £300—Second Prize £200—Third Prize £150—Fourth Prize £100—10 Prizes of £5—10 Prizes of £2 10s.—25 Prizes of £1—50 Prizes of 10s.—500 Prizes of 2s. 6d.—8,000 New "Target" Prizes.

Full list of "Examples" below:—

One For Britain—Nearly—Every Little Helps—Heated Argument—When Angry—The Right Tactics—Intolerable—"You're Looking Well!"—Nothing Left—Just To Make Sure—Price Of Folly—Wiser—Only Joking—Happy Release—Known to the Police—Must Be Nice—Affairs Of State—Scotsman—With A Shudder—Luxuries—In Courting Days—When Funds Are Low—Coming Home Together—Our Servant—In Self-Defence—With Parliament's Permission—Deserves The Sack—A Summons—Looking Sheepish—Letting Things Slide—A Sin—He Won Her Heart, But.

(Closing Saturday, January 19th).

☞ The result of Competition No. 698 ("Bullets" £1,500 offer) will appear in our issue published on Wednesday, January 16th.

RECORD BIG FOUR £300 £150 £100 £200 NEXT WEEK ONLY

TAKE THE BULL BY THE BOTTLE

BOVRIL

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